

NANDIVISHALA

These Jataka tales are a wake-up call to all ungrateful, arrogant, hypocritical and self-serving liars. Full of humour and sound advice, they reveal the tyrannical power of money, the foolishness of superstition, and the dangers of losing self-control. So, read and be entertained, and laugh as you learn. And remember, the good always triumph.

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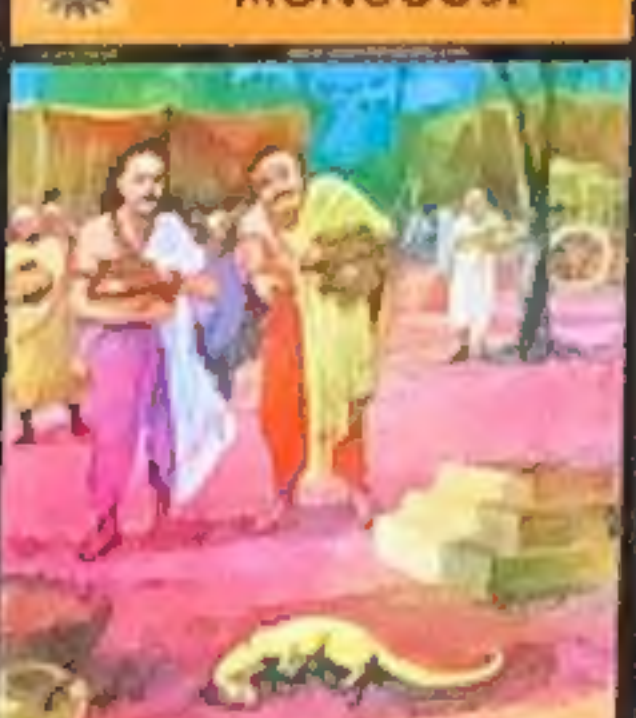


HOW FRIENDS ARE PARTED



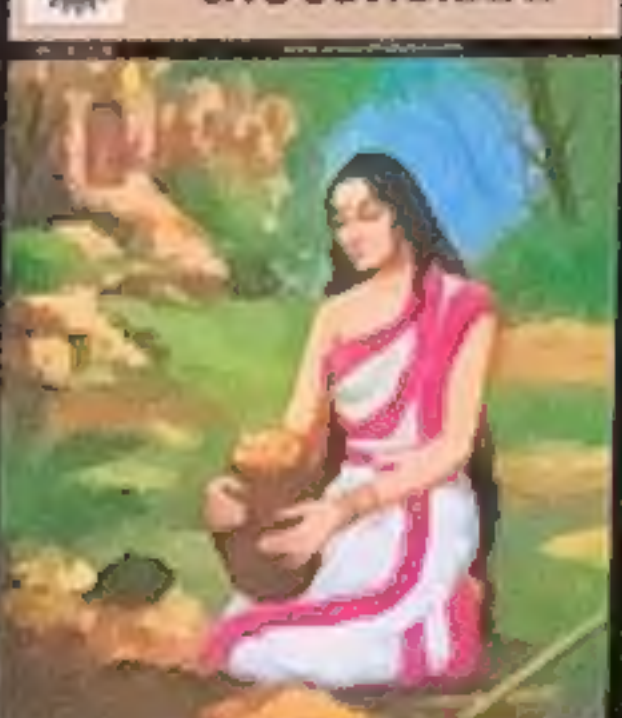
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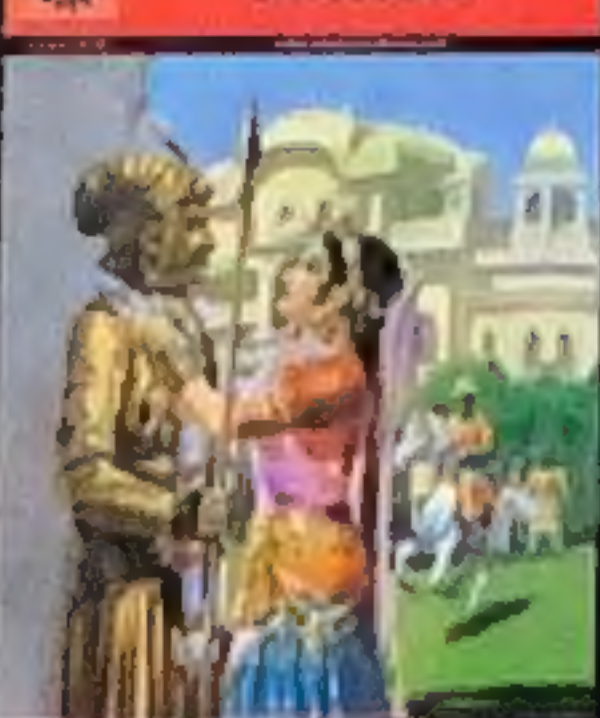
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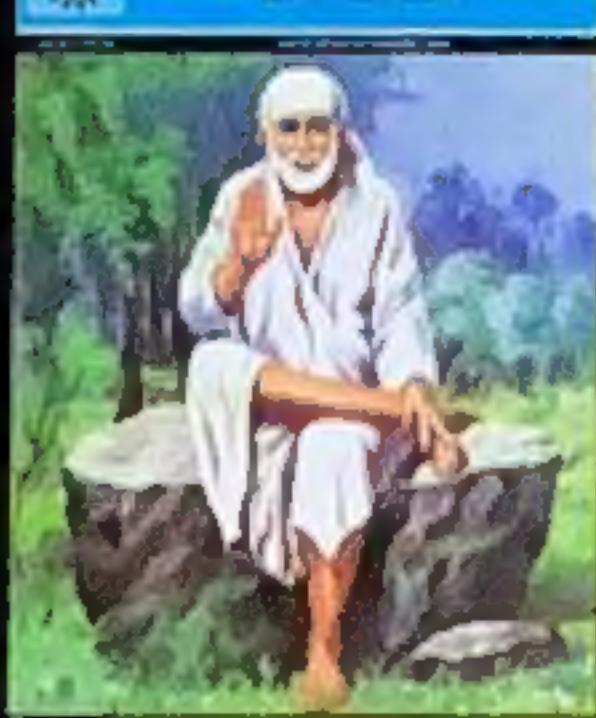
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NANDIVISHALA

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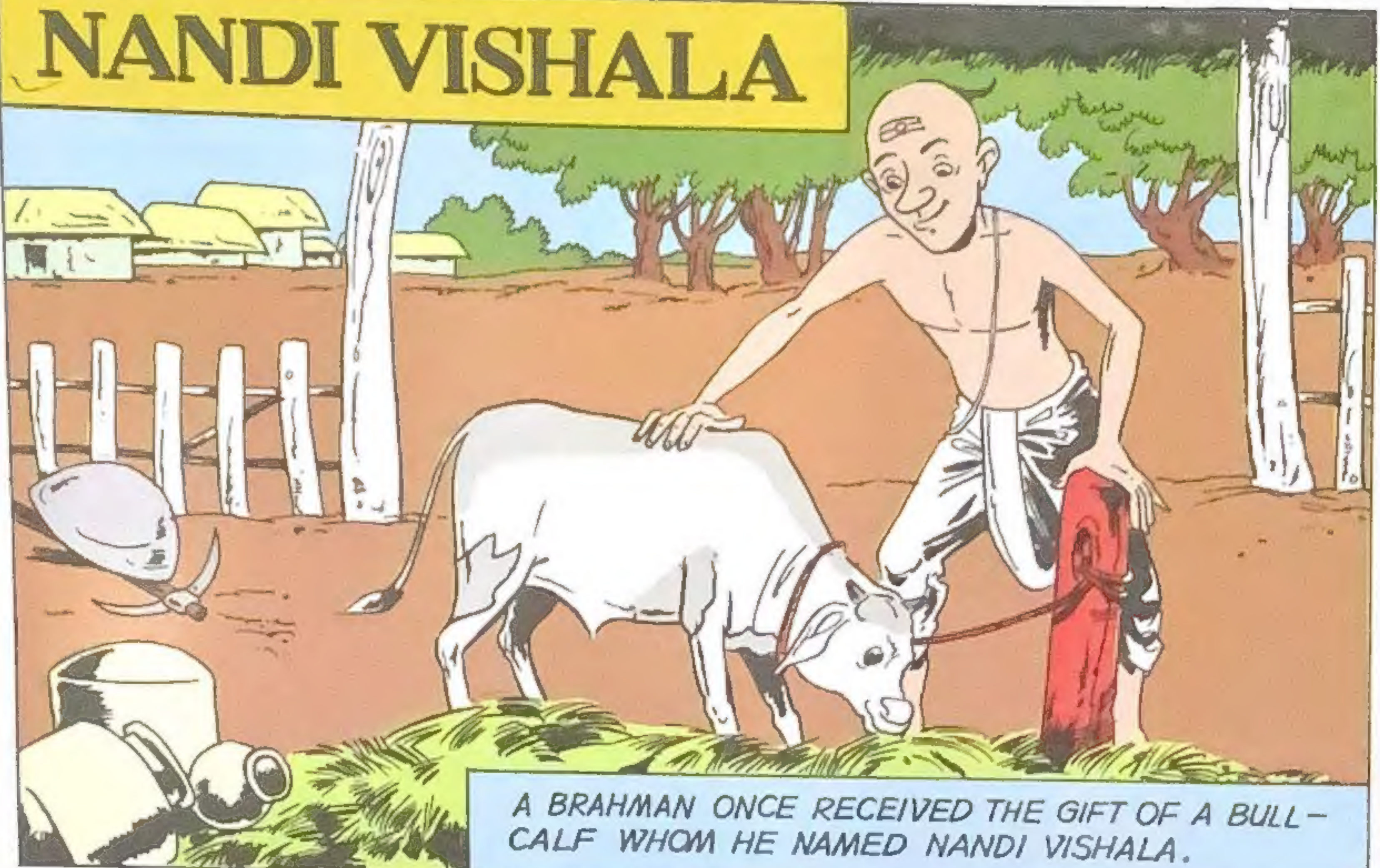


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NANDI VISHALA



A BRAHMAN ONCE RECEIVED THE GIFT OF A BULL-CALF WHOM HE NAMED NANDI VISHALA.

HE LOOKED AFTER IT WELL, AND IT GREW INTO A FINE, STURDY BULL.

THE KIND BRAHMAN HAS BROUGHT ME UP WITH LOVING CARE, AS IF I WERE HIS OWN SON. I MUST REPAY HIM FOR ALL HIS TROUBLE.



ONE DAY —

GO TO A RICH MERCHANT. TELL HIM THAT YOUR BULL CAN DRAW A HUNDRED LOADED CARTS. MAKE A BET ON THAT FOR A THOUSAND PIECES OF GOLD.

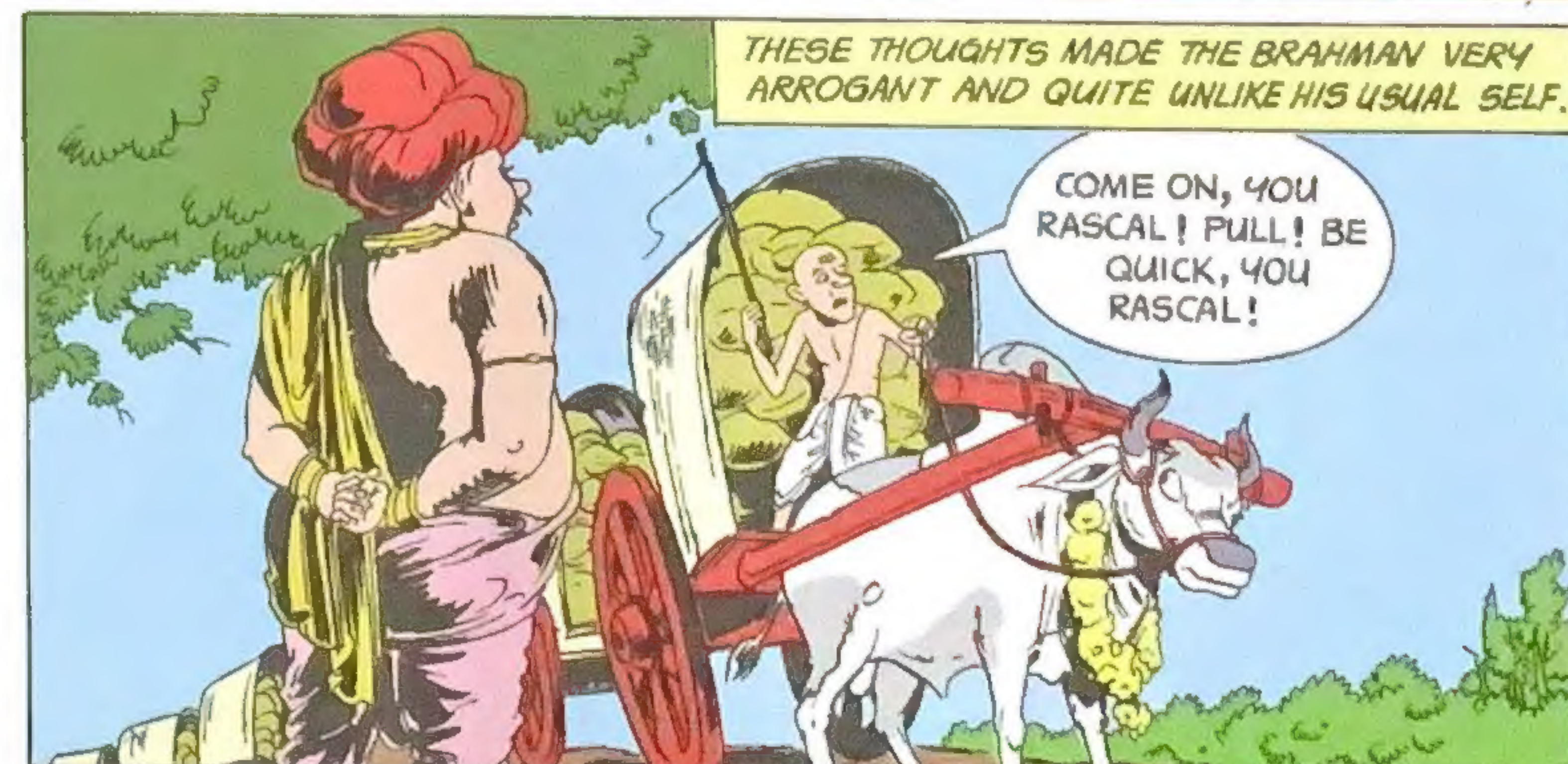
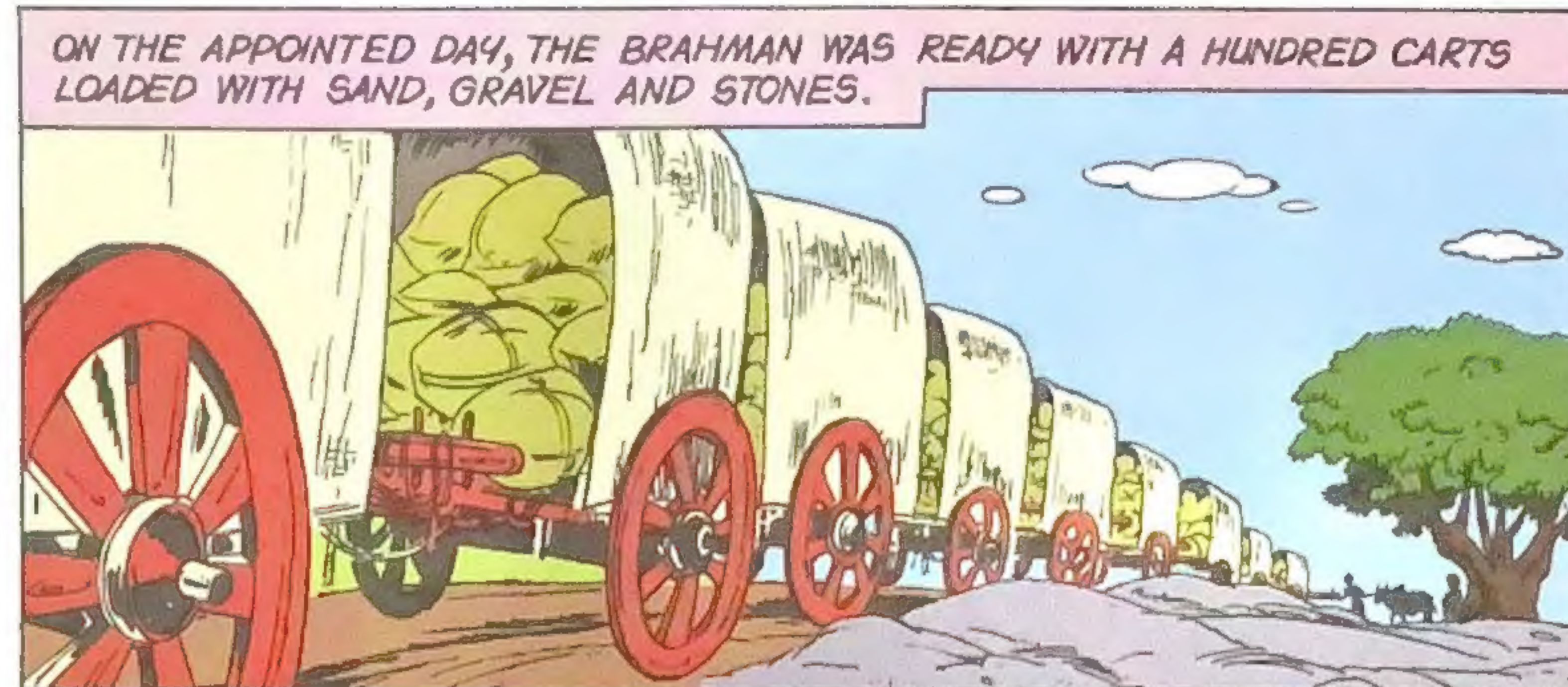
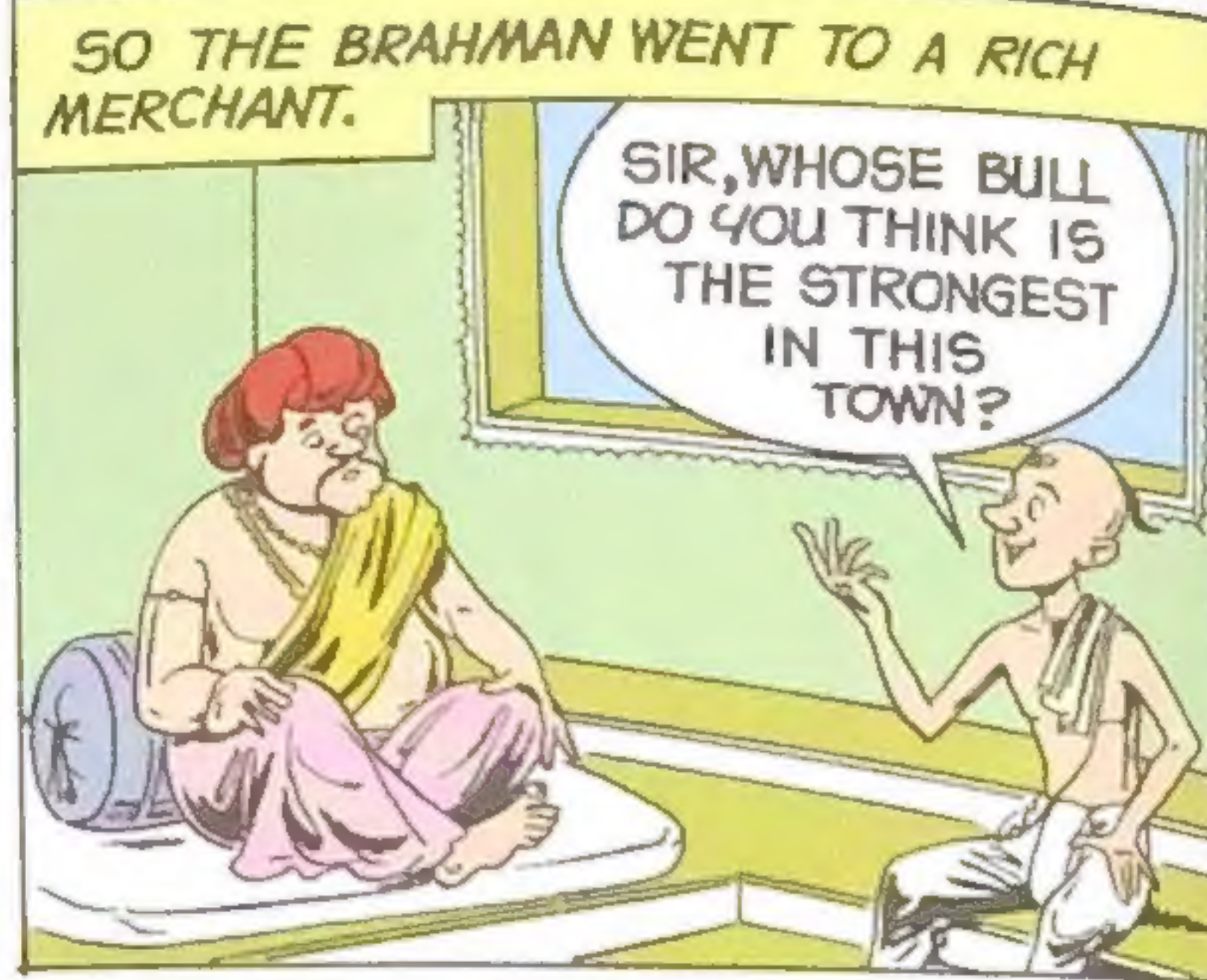
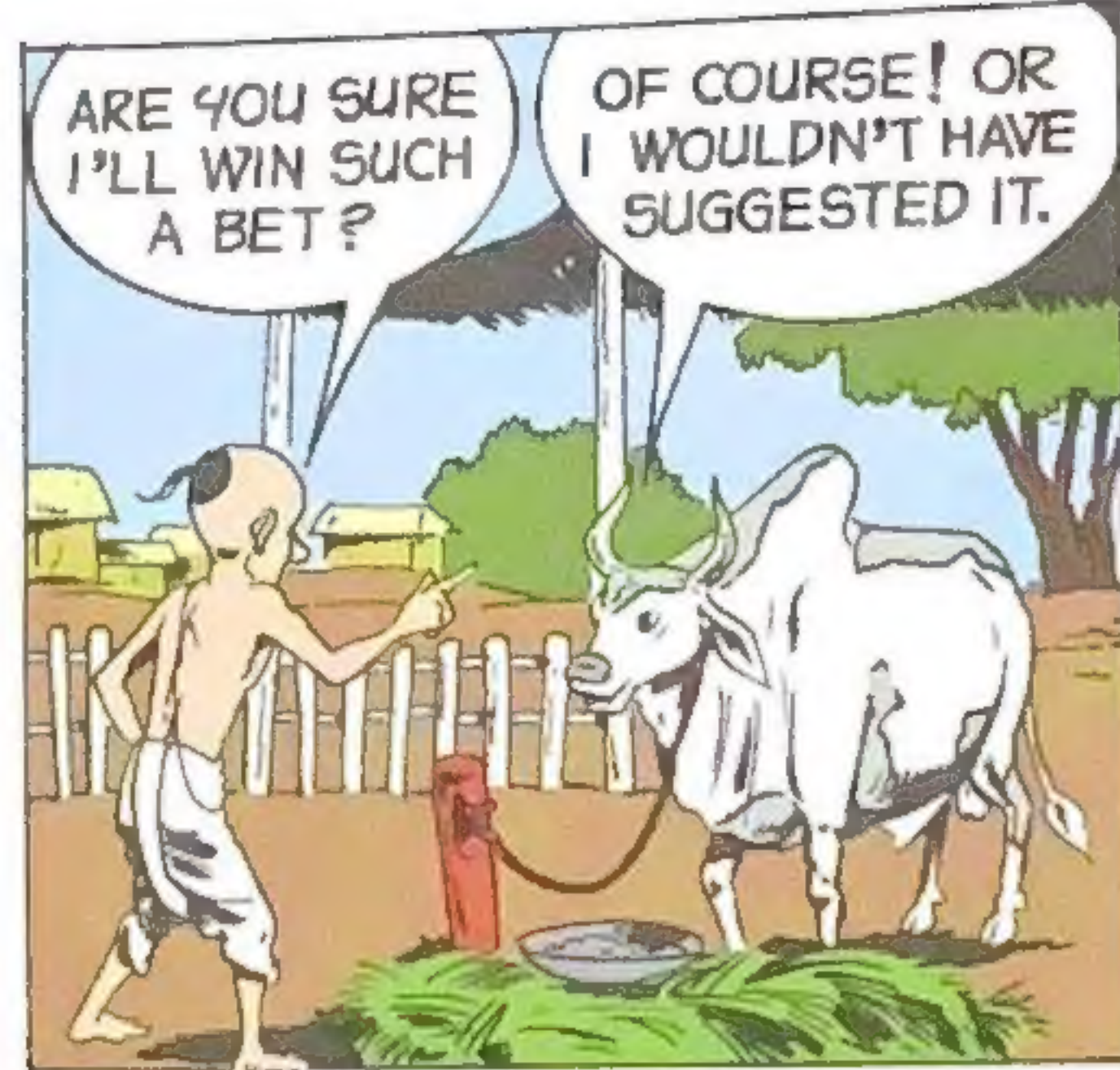


THE BRAHMAN COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS EARS.

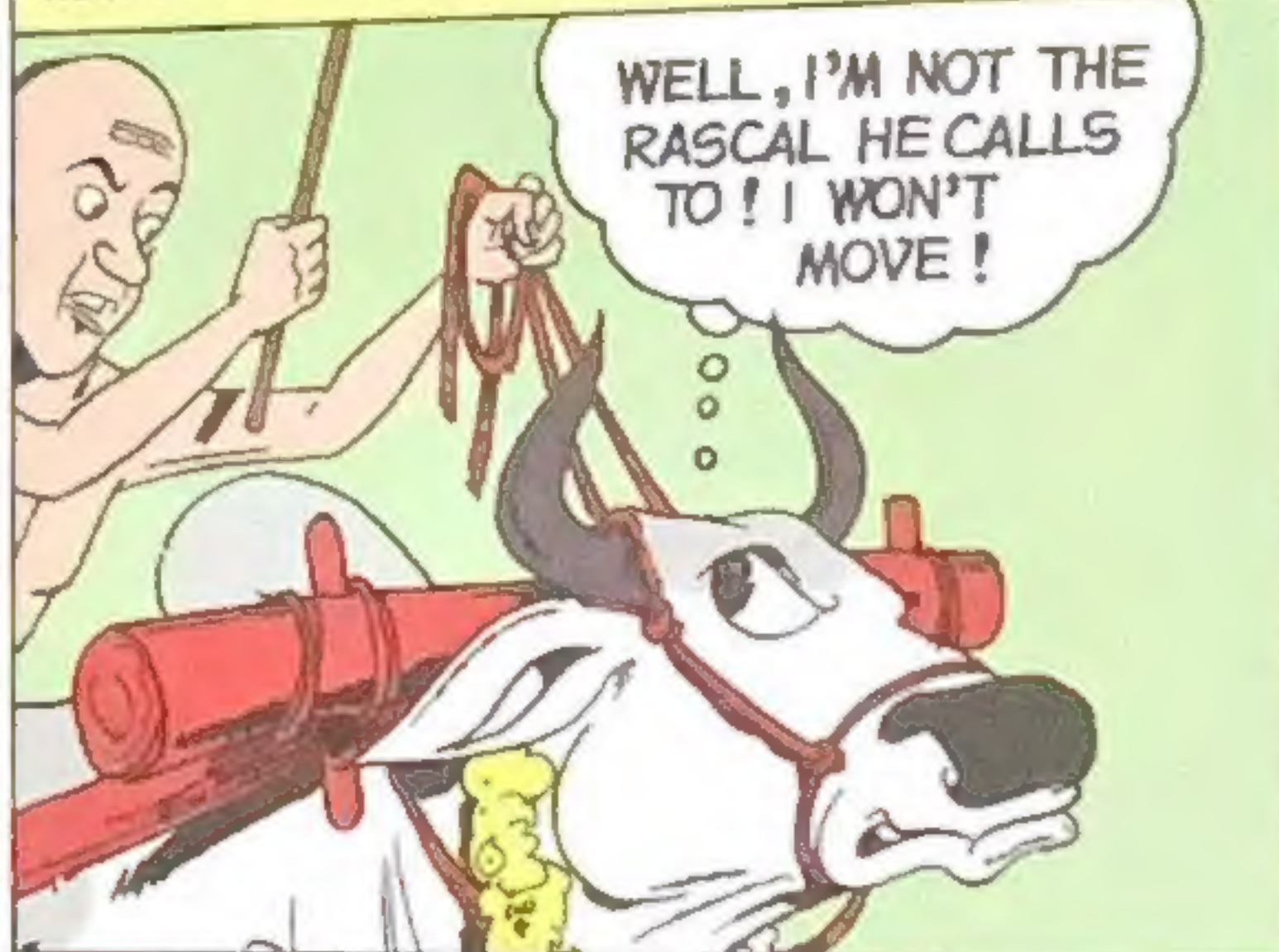


YOU ARE NOT DREAMING, MASTER. DO AS I SAY. IT WILL BRING YOU GOOD FORTUNE.

AM I DREAMING OR HAVE I GONE MAD? I HEARD MY BULL TALKING!



THE BULL WAS SHOCKED BY HIS BELOVED MASTER'S WORDS AND BEHAVIOUR.



THE BRAHMAN BECAME FRANTIC.



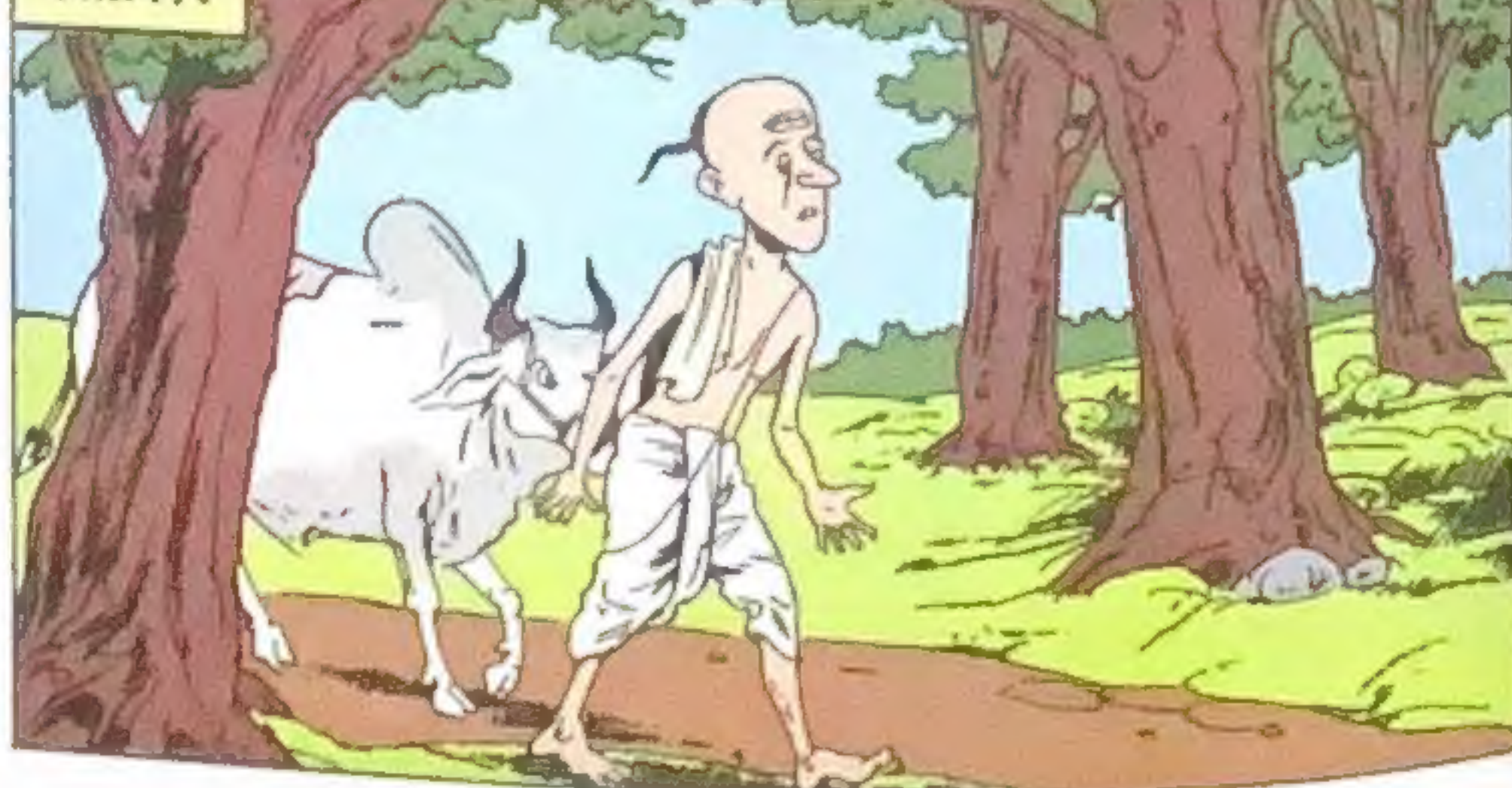
THE MERCHANT WAS JUBILANT.



THE BRAHMAN HAD TO GO AND BRING THE GOLD HE HAD KEPT HIDDEN AT HOME.



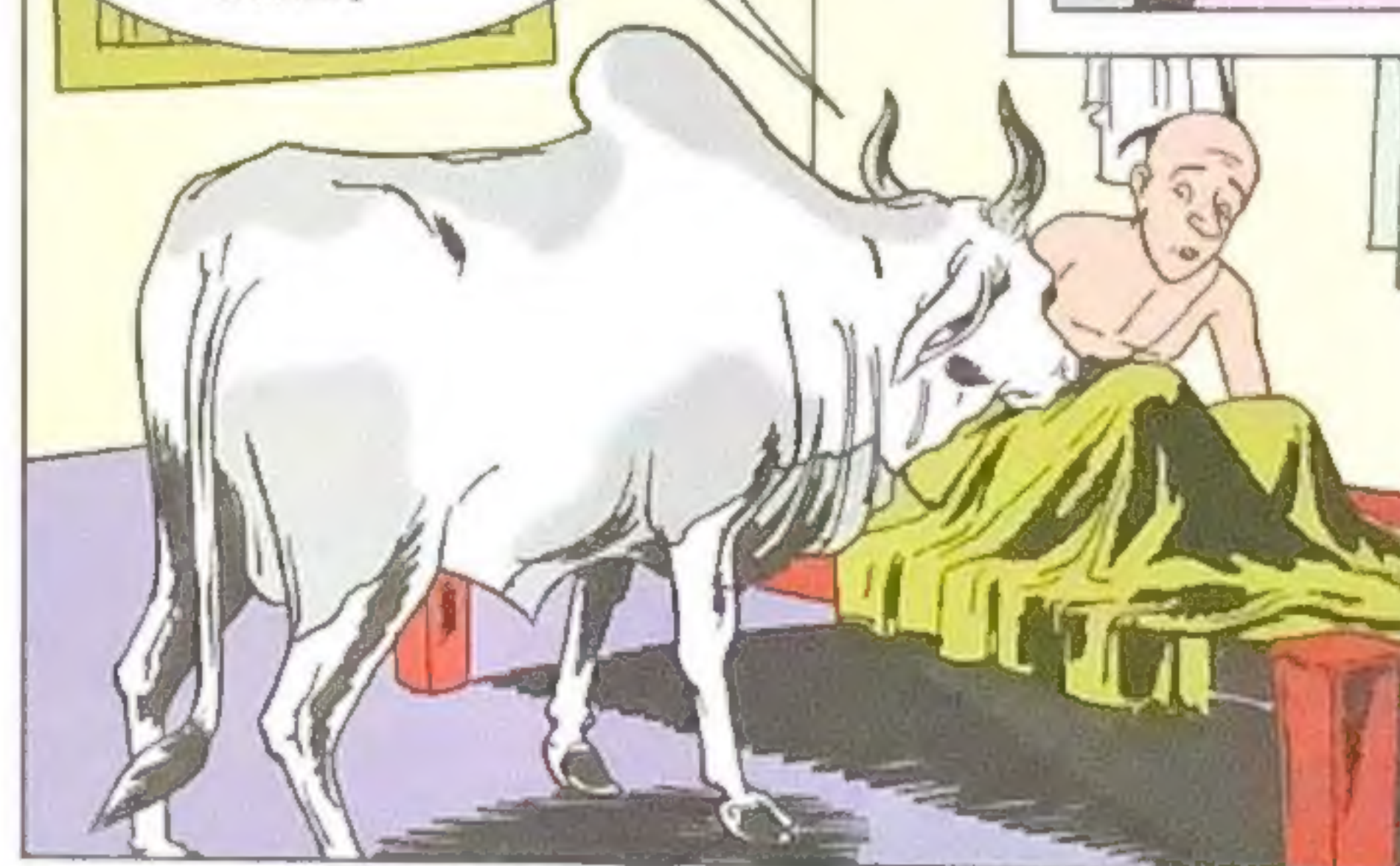
UNYOKING NANDI VISHALA, HE SADLY WALKED AWAY.



LATER, AT HOME —



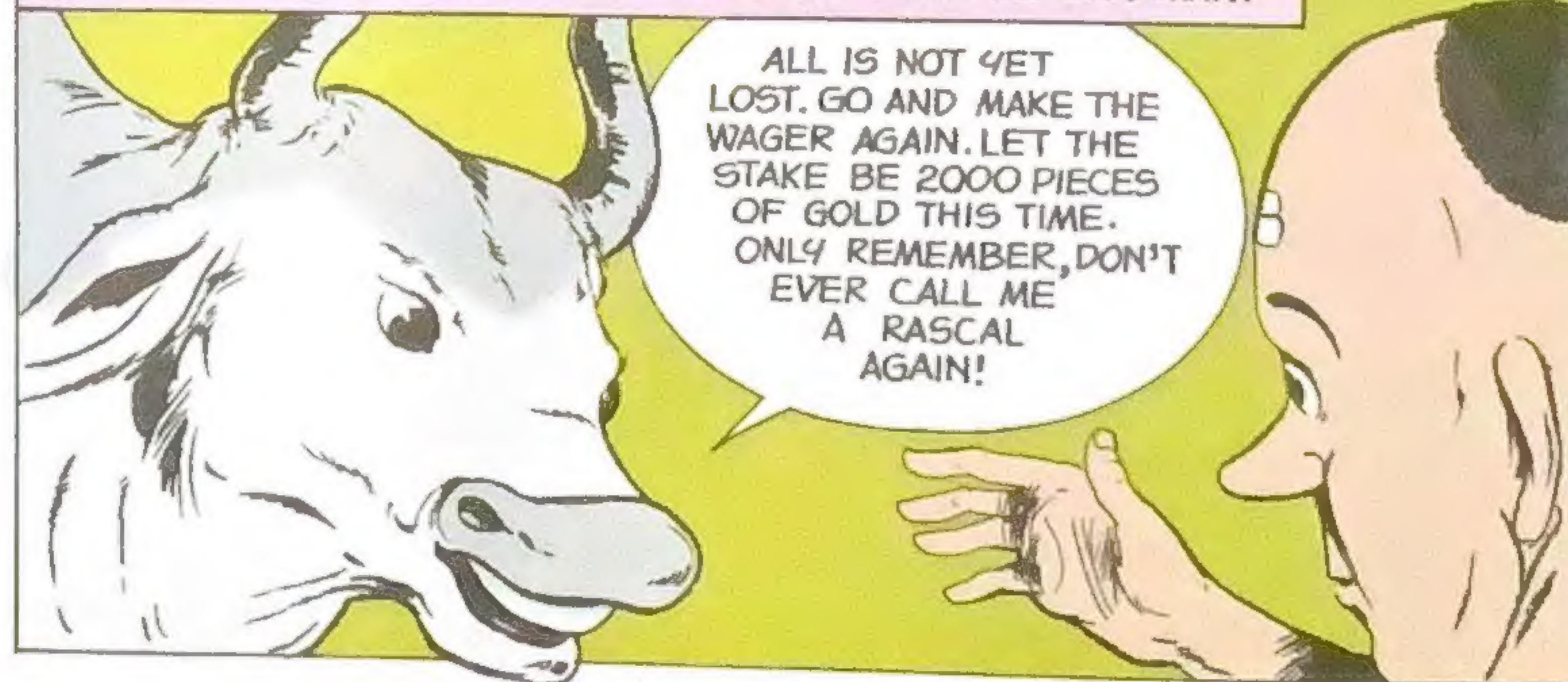
WHY DID YOU CALL ME A RASCAL? HAVE I EVER BROKEN A POT OR GORED ANYONE OR...?



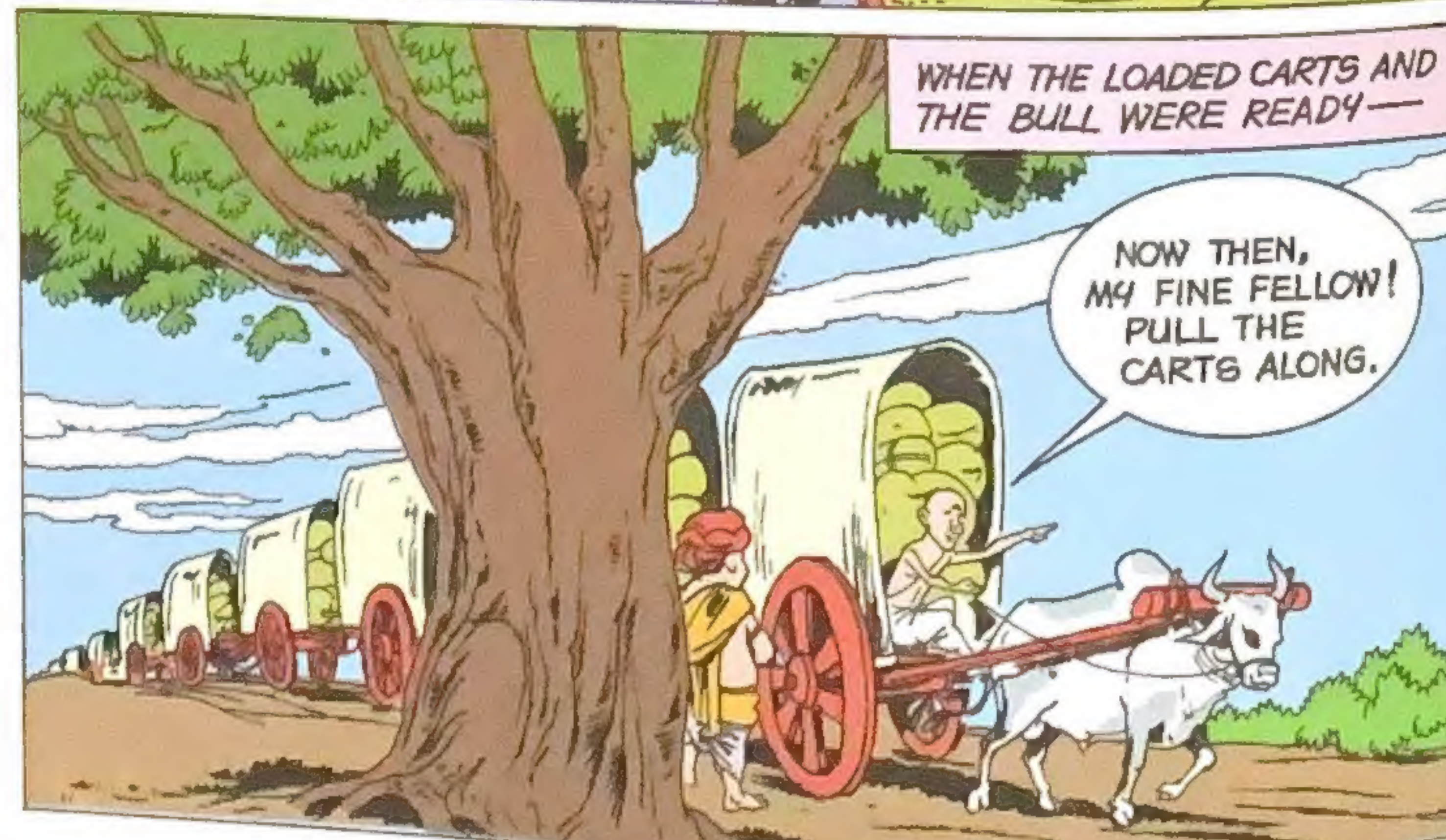
NO, NEVER, MY CHILD!



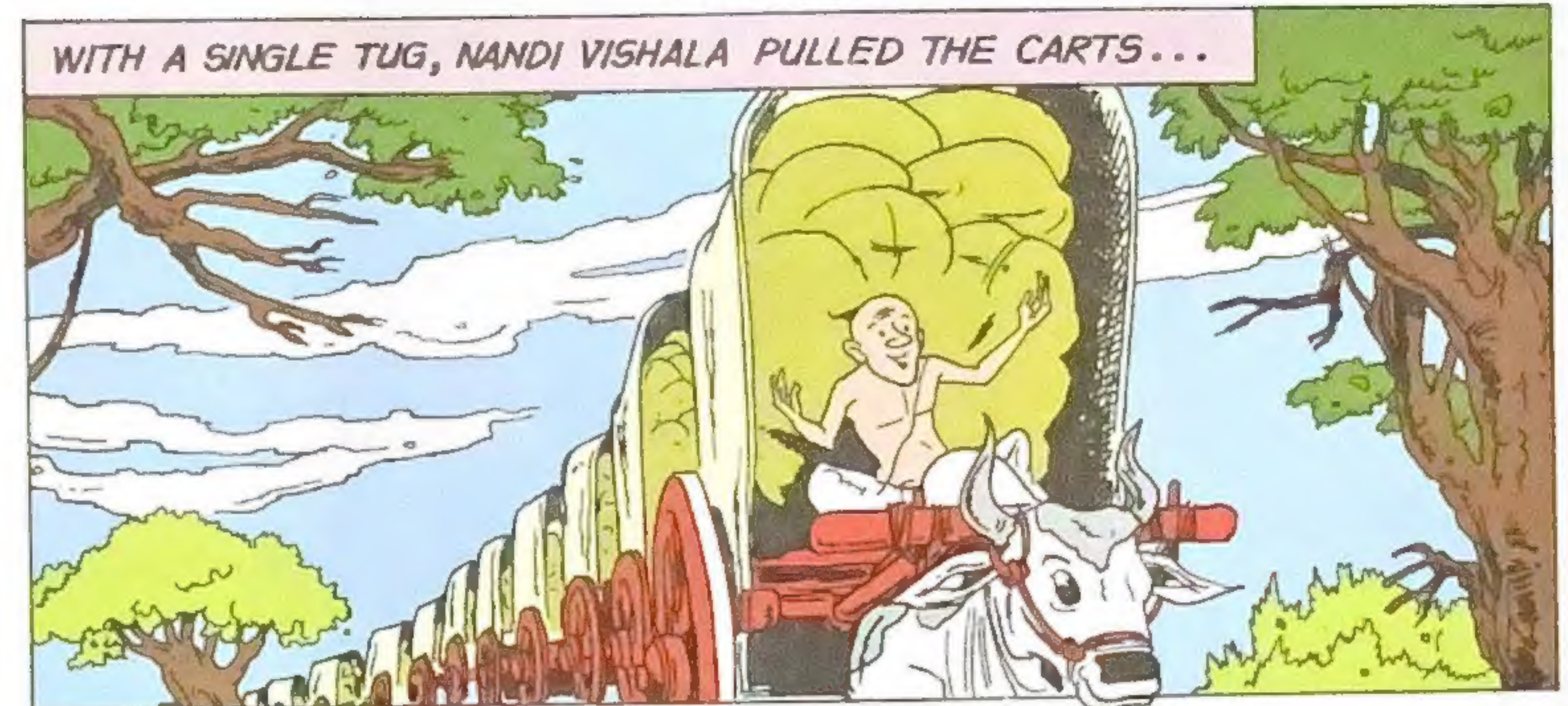
NANDI VISHALA IMMEDIATELY FELT SORRY FOR THE BRAHMAN.



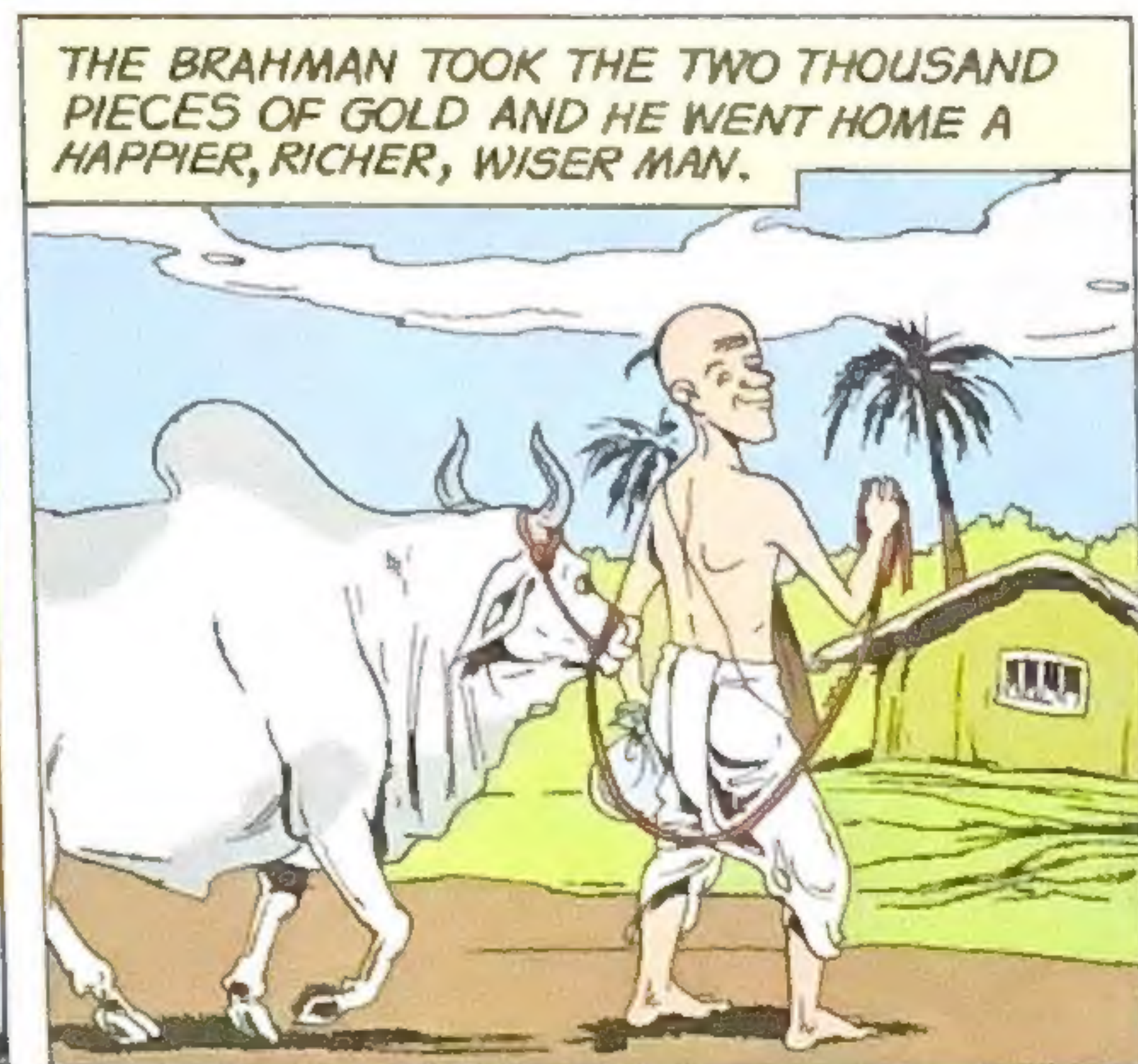
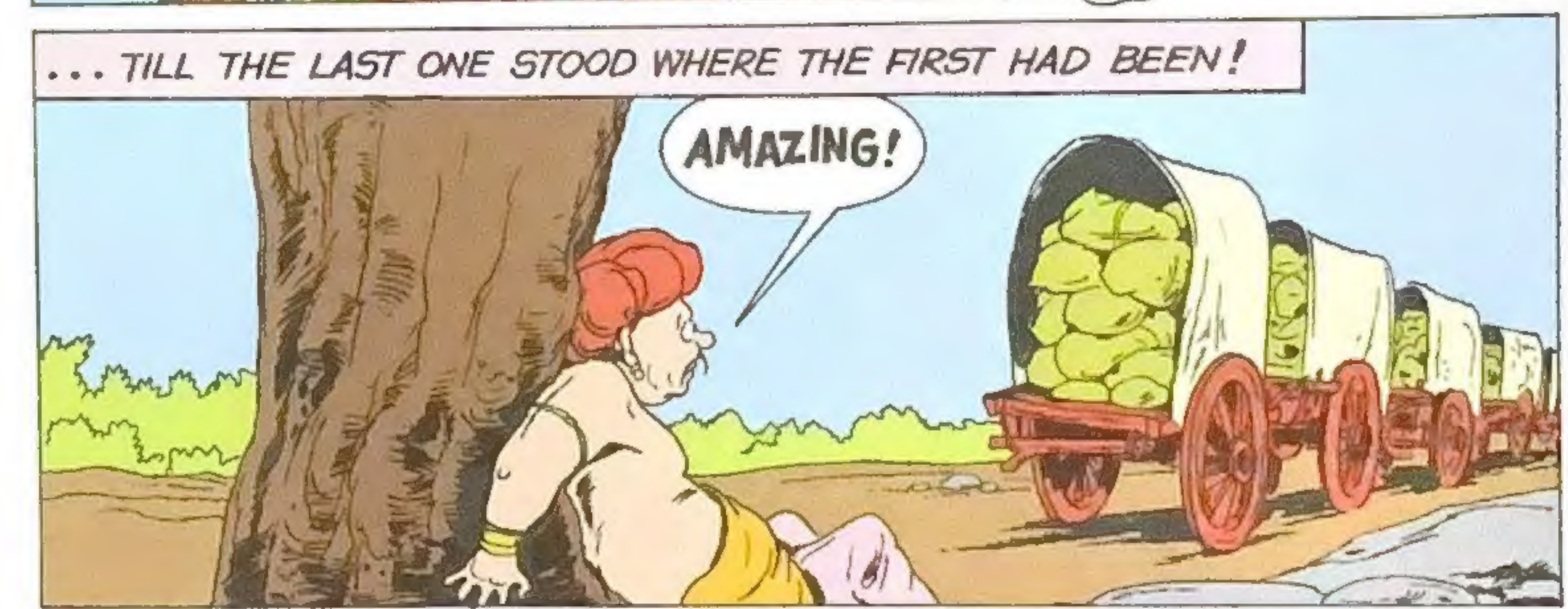
THE BRAHMAN WENT TO THE MERCHANT AND OFFERED TO MAKE THE SAME WAGER AS BEFORE —



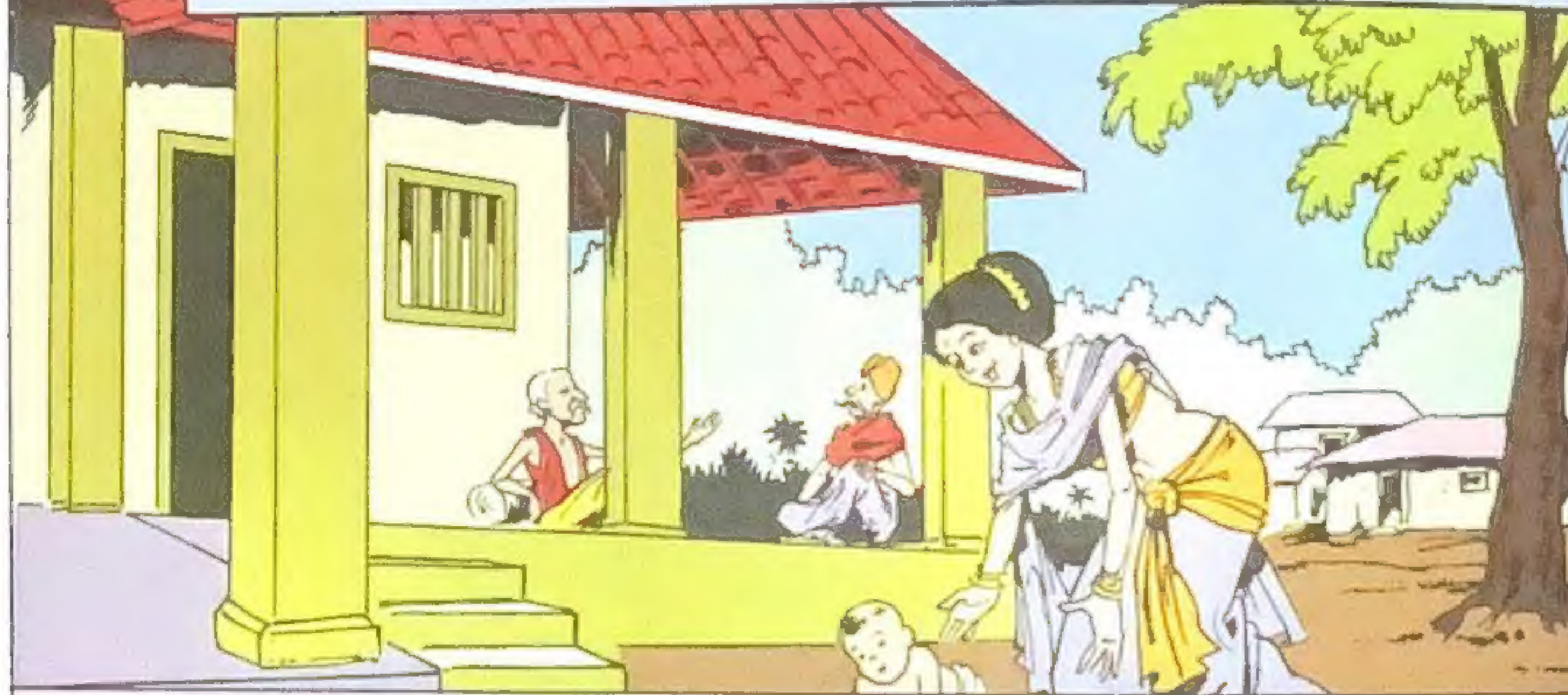
WITH A SINGLE TUG, NANDI VISHALA PULLED THE CARTS...



... TILL THE LAST ONE STOOD WHERE THE FIRST HAD BEEN!



THE SERVANT AND THE TREASURE



ONCE THERE WERE TWO OLD LANDOWNERS WHO WERE FRIENDS. ONE OF THEM HAD A VERY YOUNG WIFE WHO HAD RECENTLY BORNE HIM A SON.



YOU ARE VERY LUCKY. YOU HAVE A SON AND HEIR TO WHOM YOU CAN BEQUEATH YOUR FORTUNE.

YES, I'M INDEED LUCKY.



BUT I, TOO, HAVE WORRIES. IF I DIE, MY SON MAY NEVER GET THE MONEY.

WOULDN'T THE SAFEST COURSE BE TO BURY MY MONEY IN THE FOREST?

IT WOULD CERTAINLY BE A WISE THING TO DO.



SO, TAKING A HOUSEHOLD SERVANT CALLED NANDA INTO HIS CONFIDENCE, THE LANDOWNER WENT TO A NEARBY FOREST AND BURIED HIS TREASURE AT A CERTAIN SPOT.



MY GOOD NANDA, WHEN MY SON COMES OF AGE, SHOW HIM THIS TREASURE. NO ONE ELSE SHOULD BE TOLD ABOUT IT.

THE OLD MAN DIED SOON AFTER. MANY YEARS LATER, HIS SON, NOW A YOUNG MAN, MET HIS FATHER'S FRIEND.

MY FATHER WAS A RICH MAN. BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENOUGH MONEY LEFT TO MANAGE THE ESTATE.

BUT HE DID LEAVE A LOT OF MONEY FOR YOU, SON. DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?



NO! WHERE IS IT?

SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST. ASK YOUR SERVANT, NANDA. HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

THE YOUNG MAN WENT TO NANDA.



DO YOU KNOW WHERE MY FATHER PUT HIS TREASURE?

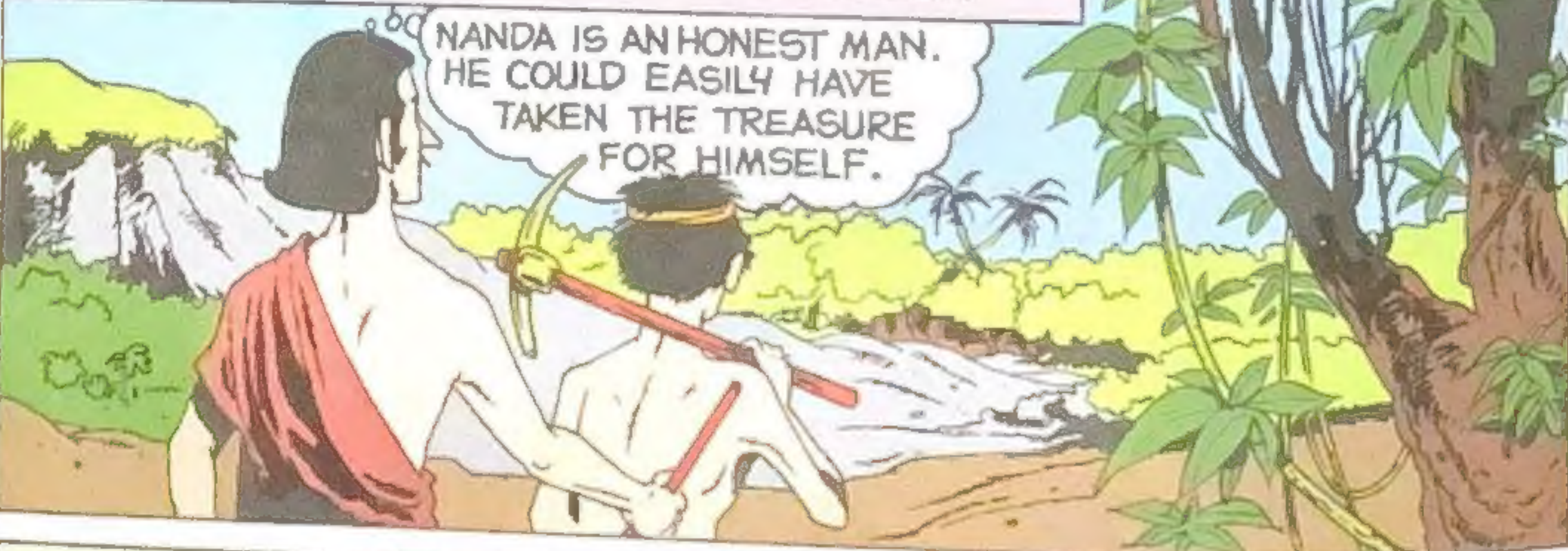
YES, MASTER. IT'S BURIED IN THE FOREST.

WELL THEN, LET'S GO AND GET IT. I NEED IT NOW.

I'LL TAKE YOU THERE, MASTER.



SOON THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE FOREST.



NANDA IS AN HONEST MAN. HE COULD EASILY HAVE TAKEN THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF.

WHEN THEY REACHED THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREST —



WELL, NANDA, WHERE IS THE MONEY?

SUDDENLY NANDA WHO HAD BEEN DOCILE FOR YEARS, TURNED ARROGANT AND INSOLENT.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE IS MONEY BURIED HERE FOR YOU?



THE YOUNG MAN WAS TAKEN ABACK.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT SHALL I DO?



I KNOW! I'LL PRETEND I DIDN'T HEAR A WORD!



HE TURNED CALMLY TO NANDA.

ALL RIGHT. LET'S GO HOME THEN.



WHAT A RELIEF! HE'S FOLLOWING ME QUIETLY.



A FEW DAYS LATER, THEY RETURNED TO THE FOREST.



STRANGE! HE DIDN'T SEEM TO HESITATE.

BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE SAME SPOT —



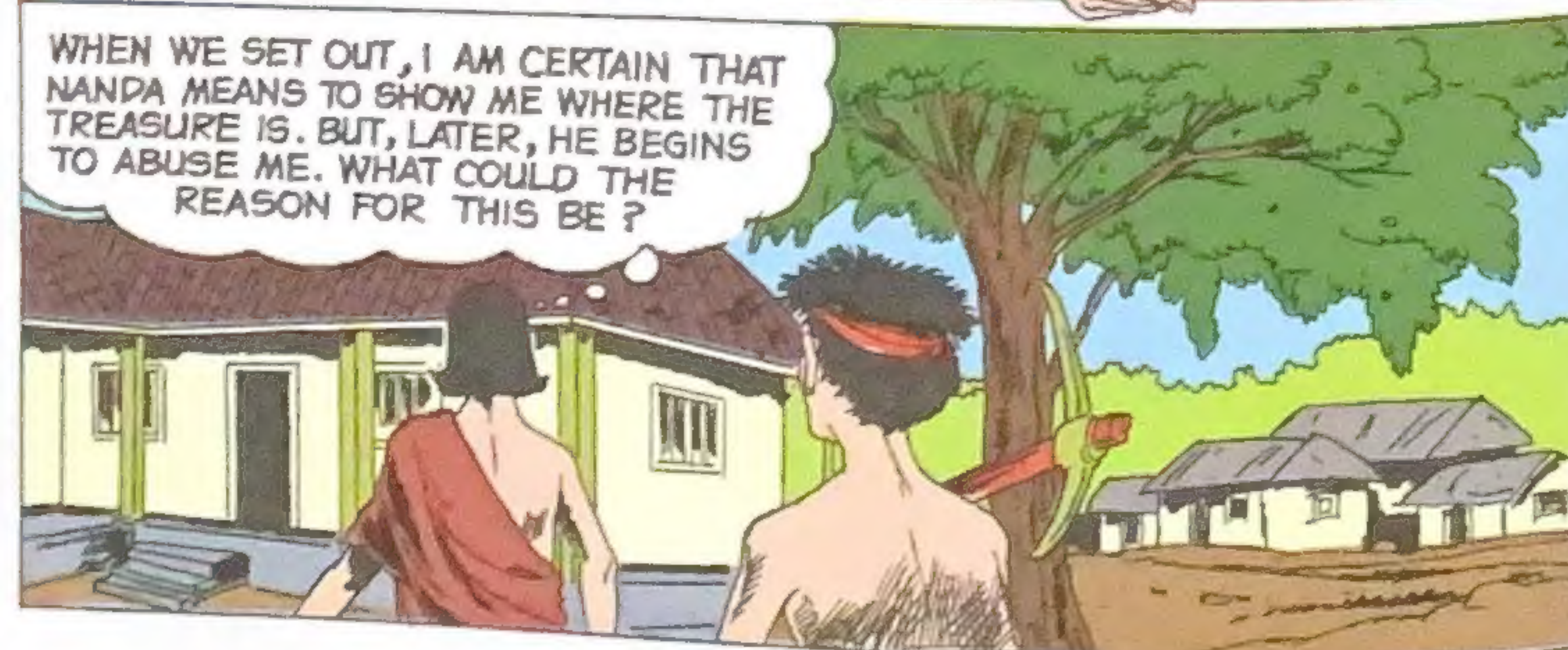
YOU IDIOT! WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO FIND HERE?

ONCE AGAIN THE YOUNG MAN IGNORED NANDA'S INSOLENT.



NOTHING! LET'S GO HOME.

WHEN WE SET OUT, I AM CERTAIN THAT NANDA MEANS TO SHOW ME WHERE THE TREASURE IS. BUT, LATER, HE BEGINS TO ABUSE ME. WHAT COULD THE REASON FOR THIS BE?



MY FATHER'S WISE OLD FRIEND SHOULD BE ABLE TO HELP.

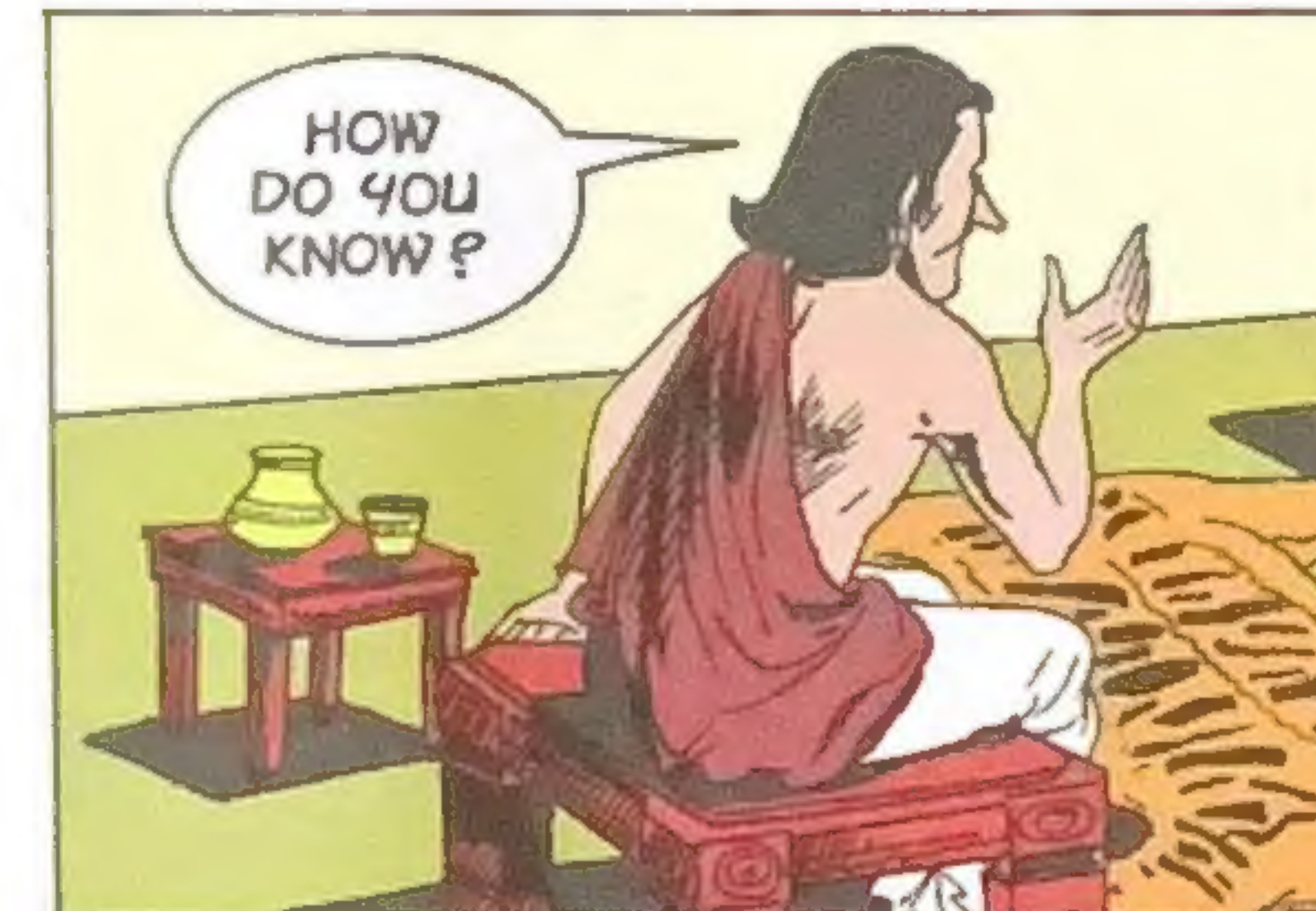


SO HE WENT TO THE OLD MAN AND DESCRIBED NANDA'S STRANGE BEHAVIOUR.

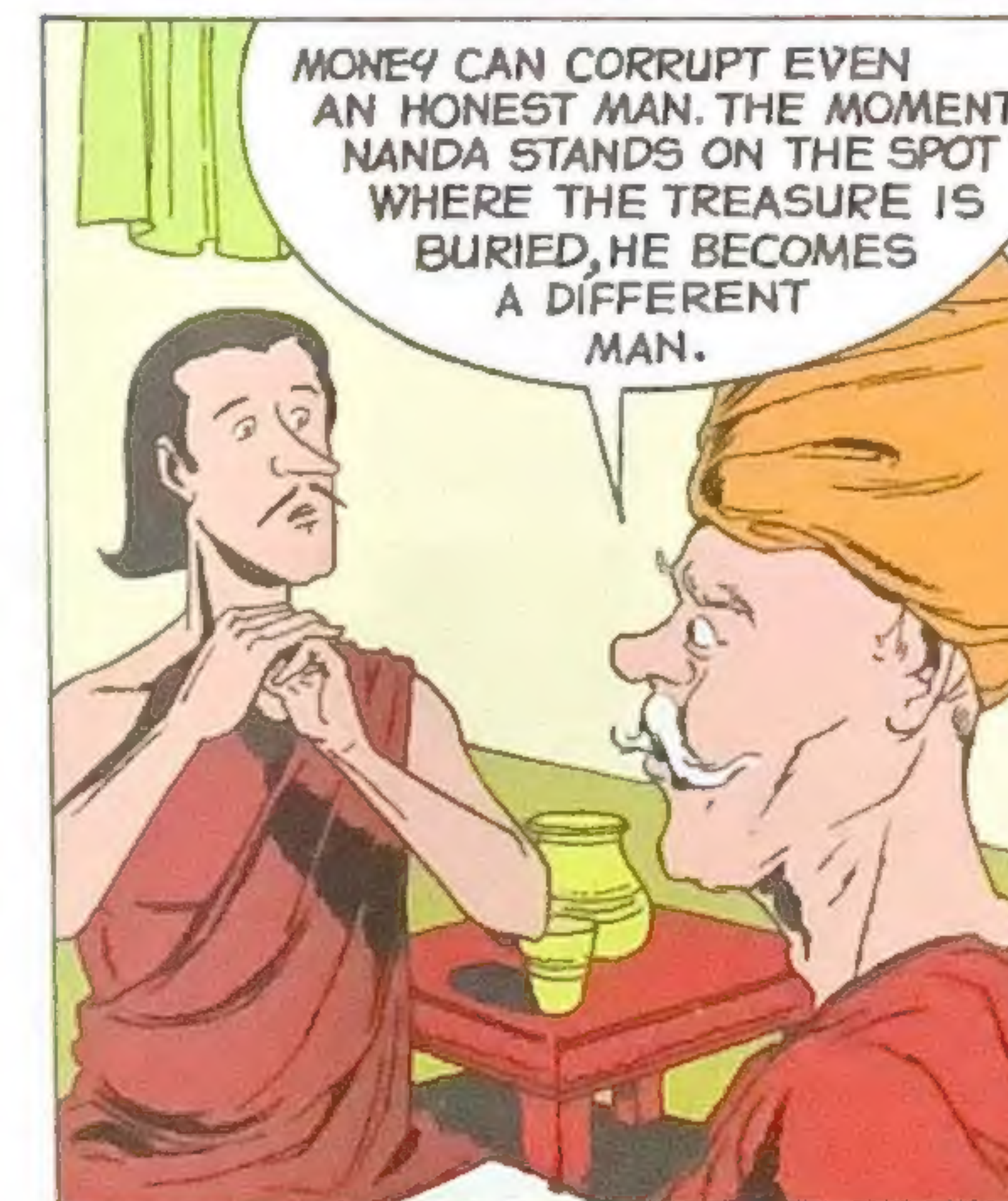
IT'S SIMPLE! YOU SAY HE STARTS ABUSING YOU WHEN YOU REACH A PARTICULAR SPOT IN THE FOREST? THEN THAT'S WHERE THE TREASURE IS BURIED!



HOW DO YOU KNOW?



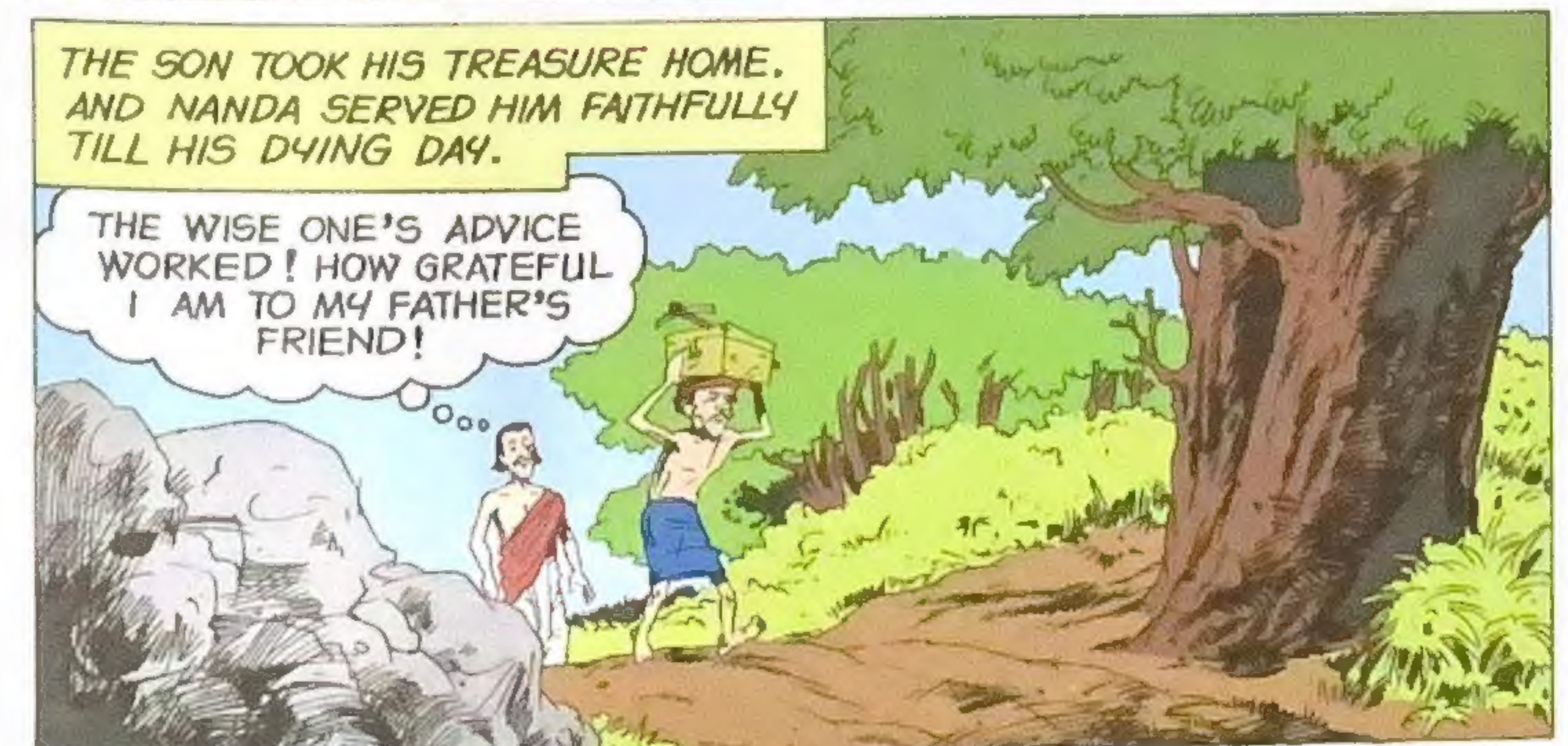
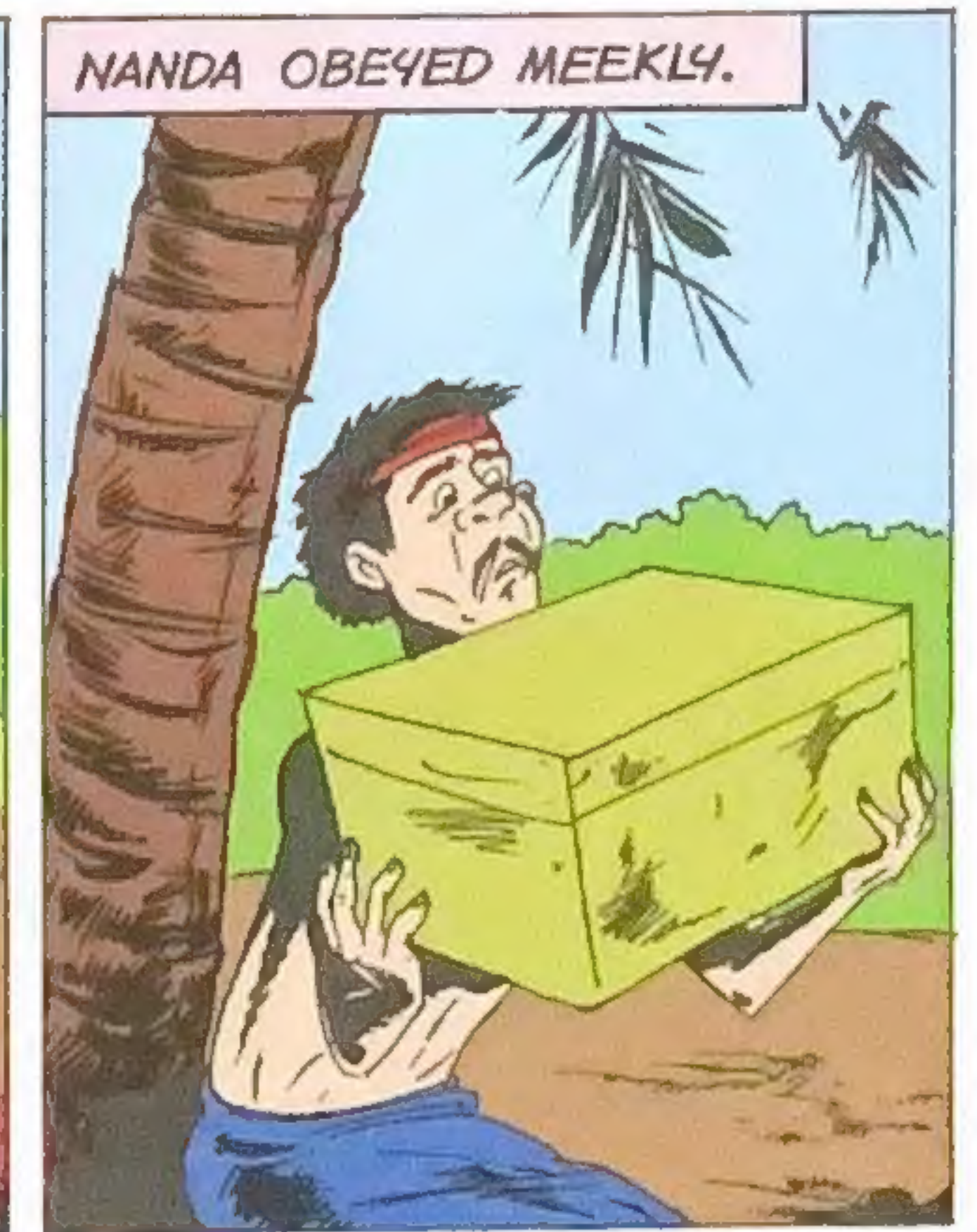
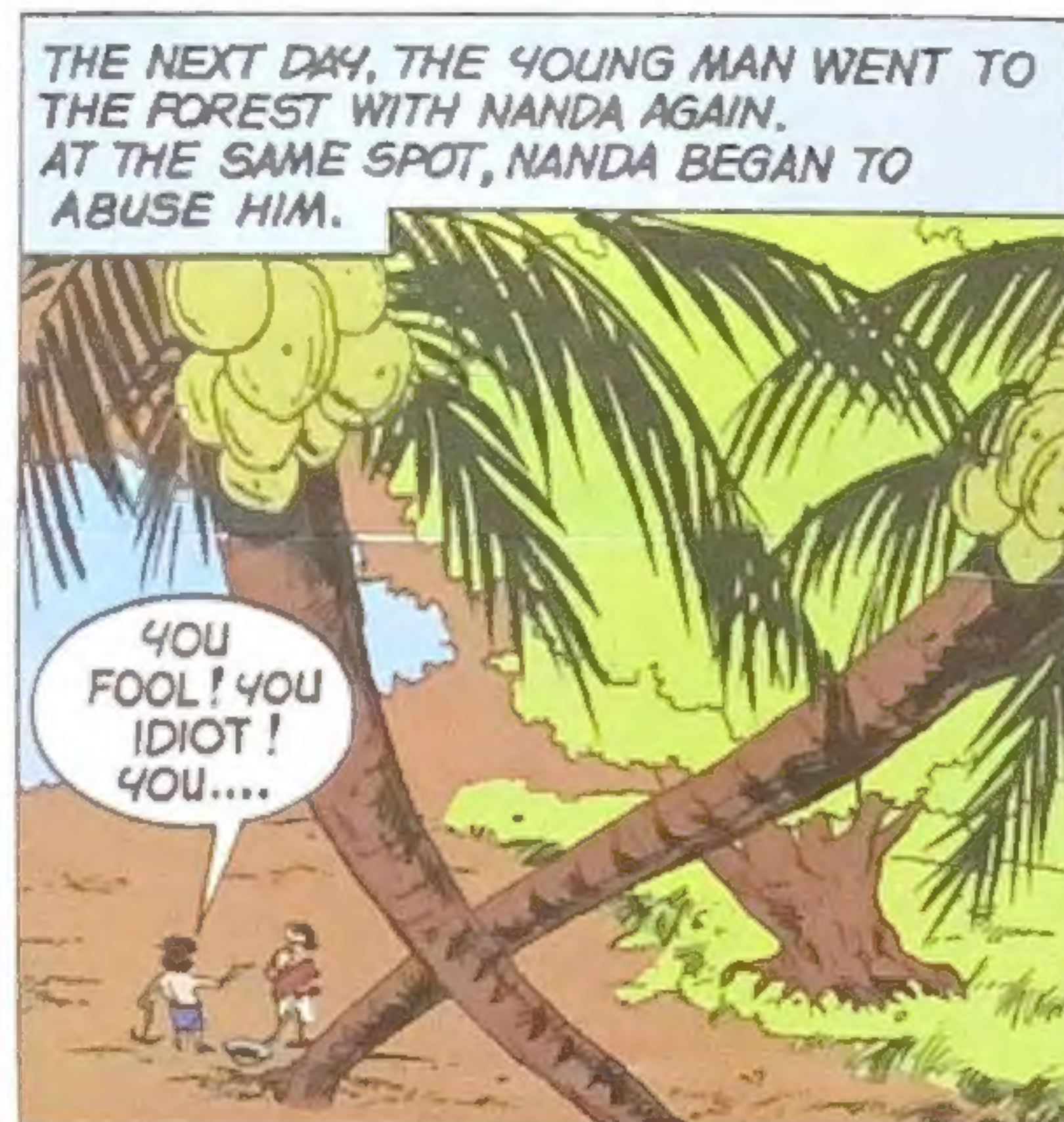
MONEY CAN CORRUPT EVEN AN HONEST MAN. THE MOMENT NANDA STANDS ON THE SPOT WHERE THE TREASURE IS BURIED, HE BECOMES A DIFFERENT MAN.



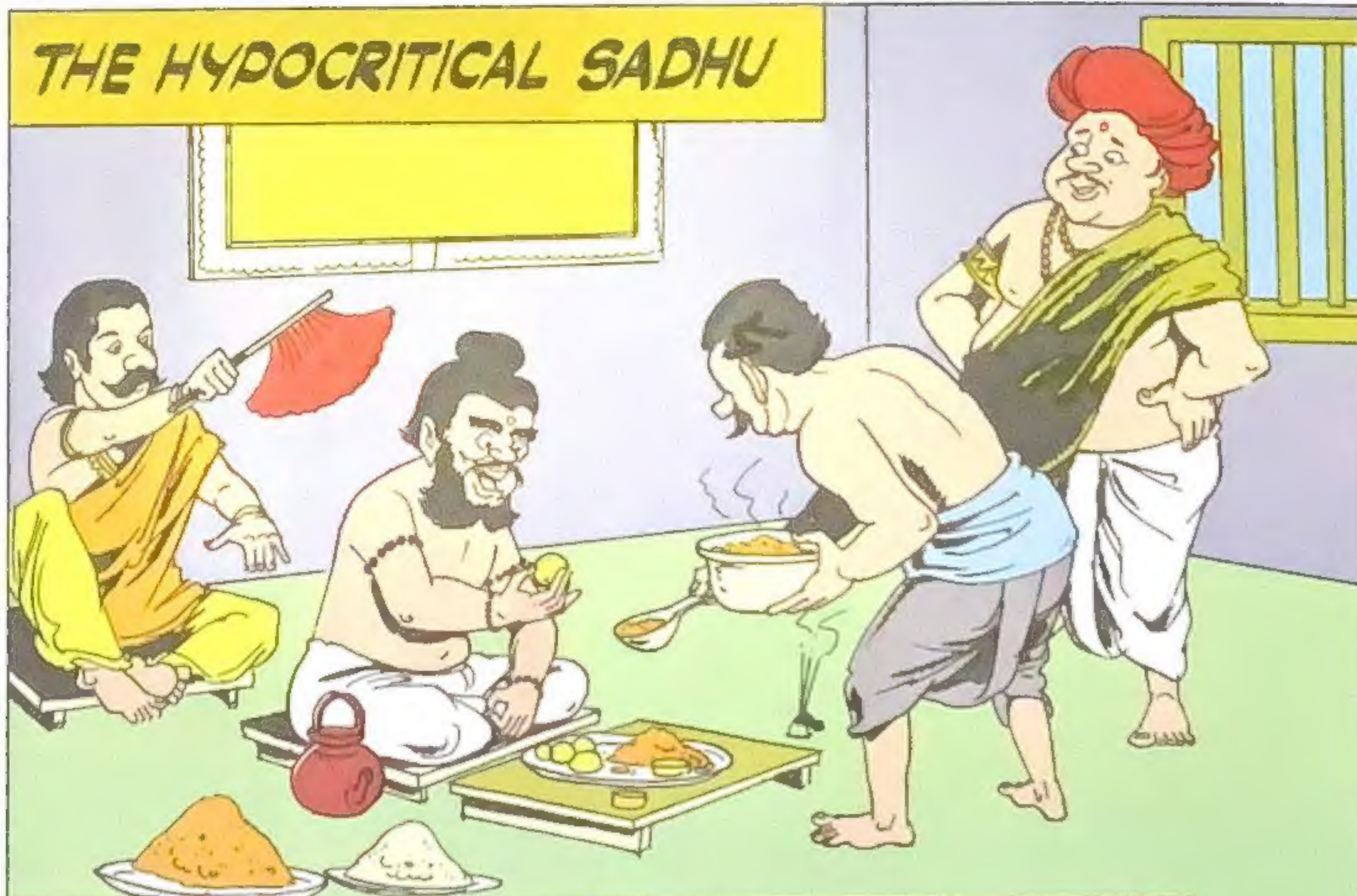
IF THAT IS SO, WHY DIDN'T HE TAKE IT FOR HIMSELF?

BECAUSE HE DIDN'T DARE!





THE HYPOCRITICAL SADHU



A RASCAL OF A SADHU LIVED IN A FOREST HERMITAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE AND HAD WON THE TRUST OF A ZAMINDAR.

NOW, THE ZAMINDAR HAD SOME GOLD WHICH HE WANTED TO HIDE FROM ROBBERS. AS HE WONDERED WHERE TO PUT IT —

I KNOW WHAT! THE SADHU IS A MODEL OF GOODNESS... AND DACOITS WOULD NEVER ATTACK A HERMITAGE!

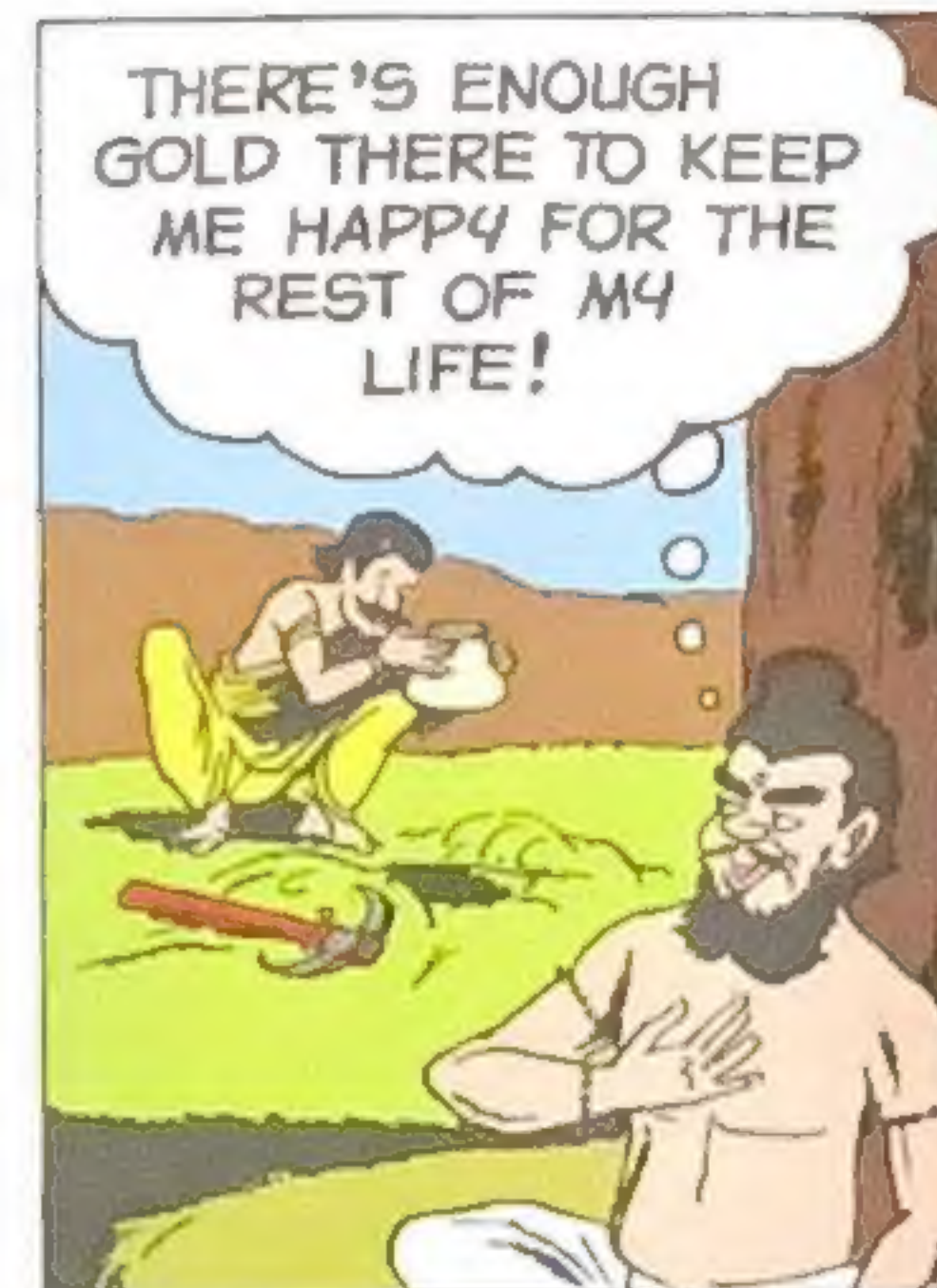


SO HE WENT WITH HIS GOLD TO THE HERMITAGE.

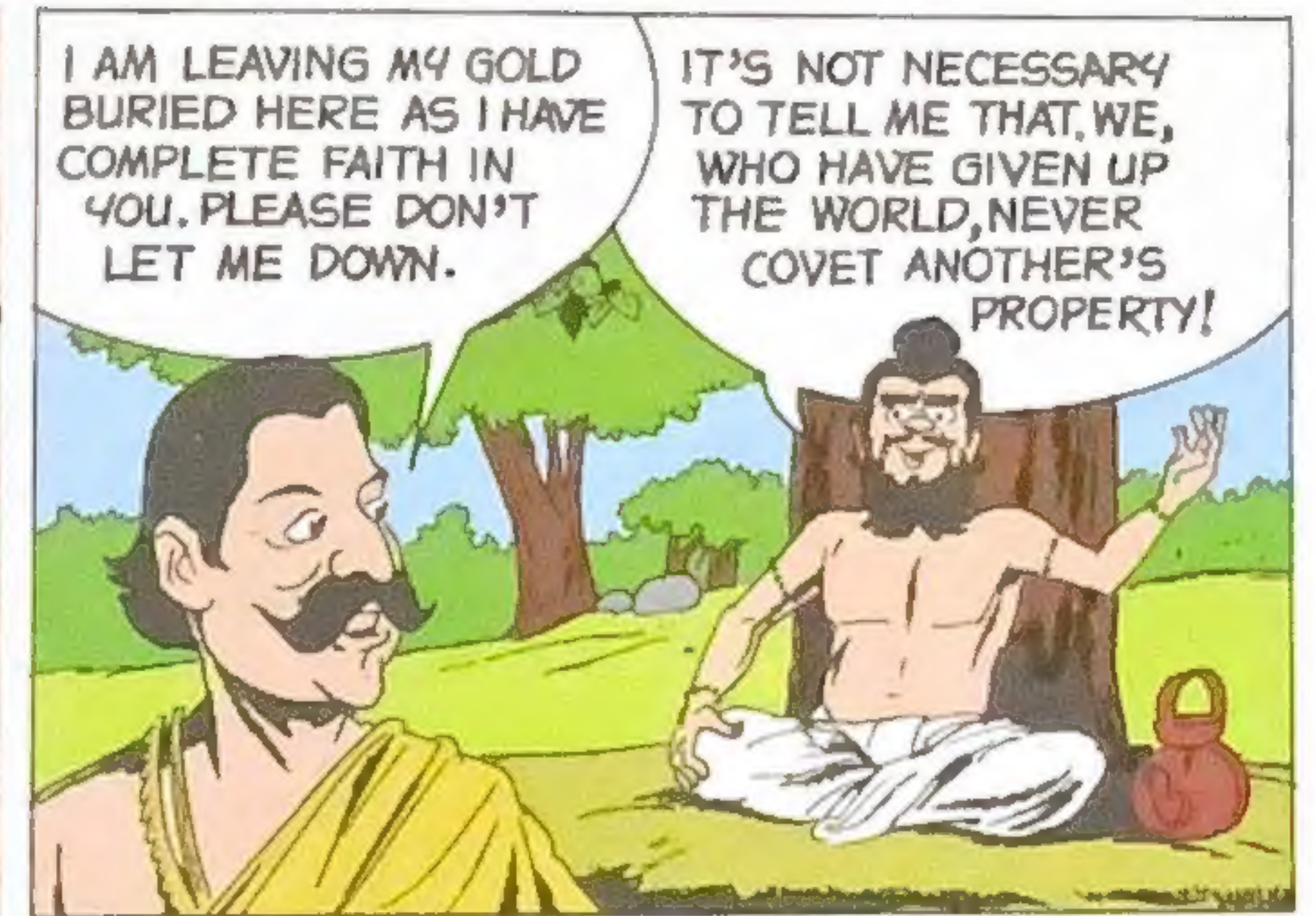


HOLY SIR! WE ZAMINDARS LIVE IN CONSTANT FEAR OF ROBBERS. SO I AM GOING TO BURY MY GOLD RIGHT HERE IN YOUR HERMITAGE.

THERE'S ENOUGH GOLD THERE TO KEEP ME HAPPY FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

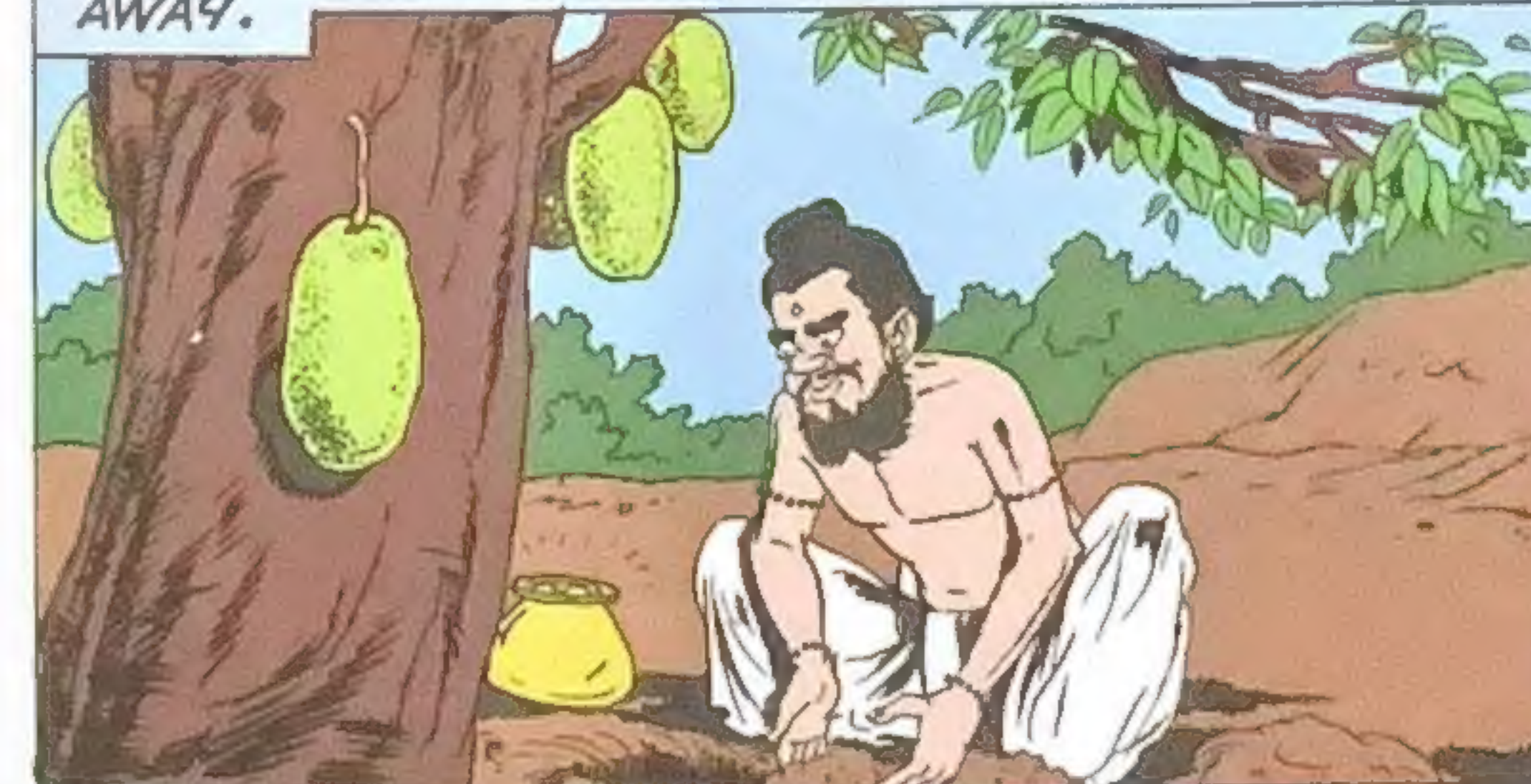


I AM LEAVING MY GOLD BURIED HERE AS I HAVE COMPLETE FAITH IN YOU. PLEASE DON'T LET ME DOWN.



IT'S NOT NECESSARY TO TELL ME THAT, WE, WHO HAVE GIVEN UP THE WORLD, NEVER COVET ANOTHER'S PROPERTY!

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE RASCAL REMOVED THE GOLD AND BURIED IT AGAIN AT ANOTHER SPOT A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.



TOMORROW I SHALL GO AND TAKE MY LEAVE OF THE ZAMINDAR.



THE NEXT DAY —



I HAVE DECIDED TO GO AWAY FROM HERE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? HAVE I DISPLEASED YOU IN ANY WAY?



THE ZAMINDAR WALKED SOME DISTANCE WITH THE SADHU. THEN HE REVERENTLY BADE HIM GOOD BYE.



WHEN THE ZAMINDAR HAD LEFT, A THOUGHT SUDDENLY STRUCK THE SADHU —

I MUST MAKE SURE HE DOES NOT SUSPECT ME WHEN HE FINDS HIS GOLD HAS BEEN STOLEN. OUR PATHS MAY CROSS IN THE FUTURE.



PICKING UP A STRAW AND...



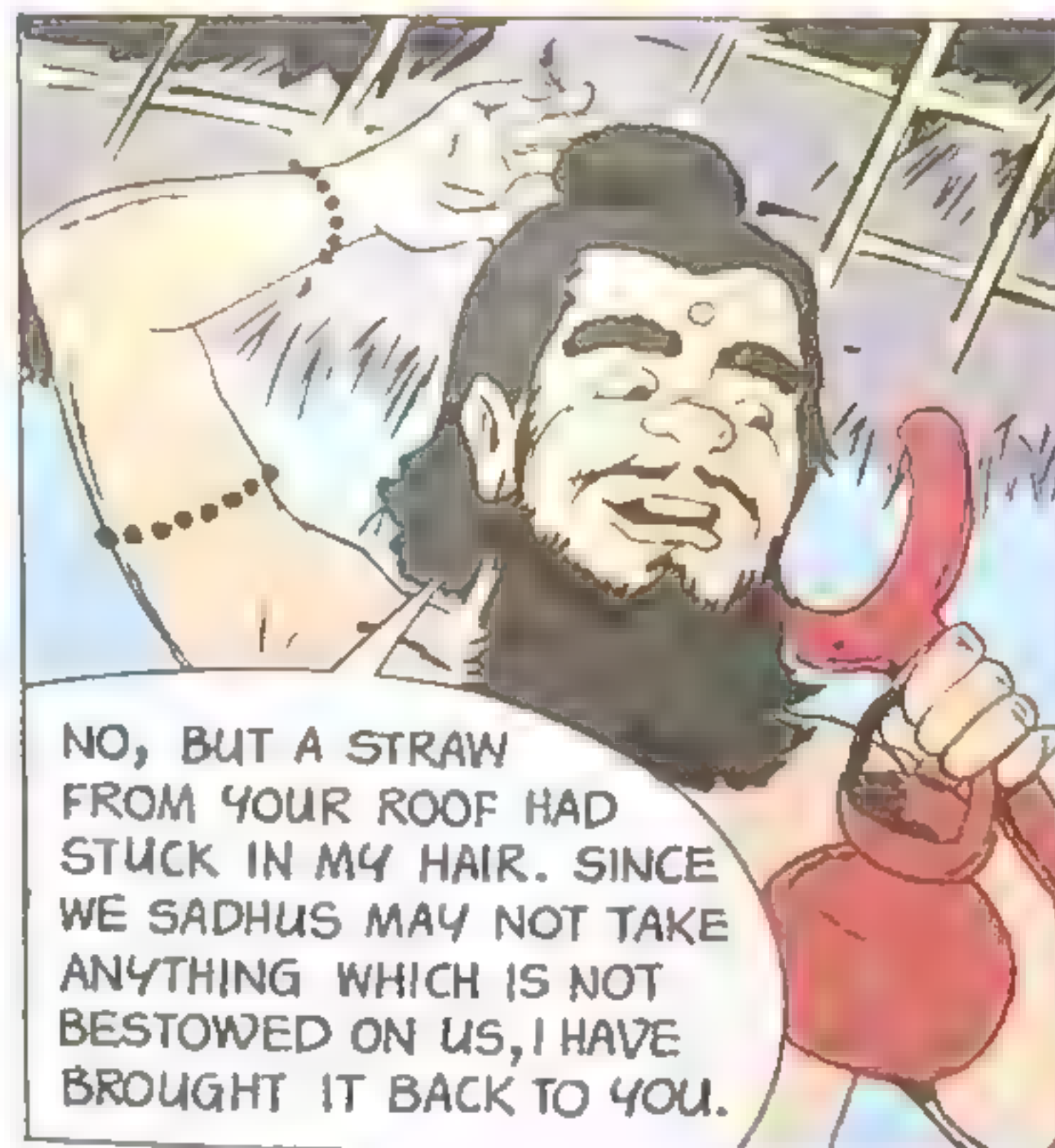
...STICKING IT IN HIS HAIR...



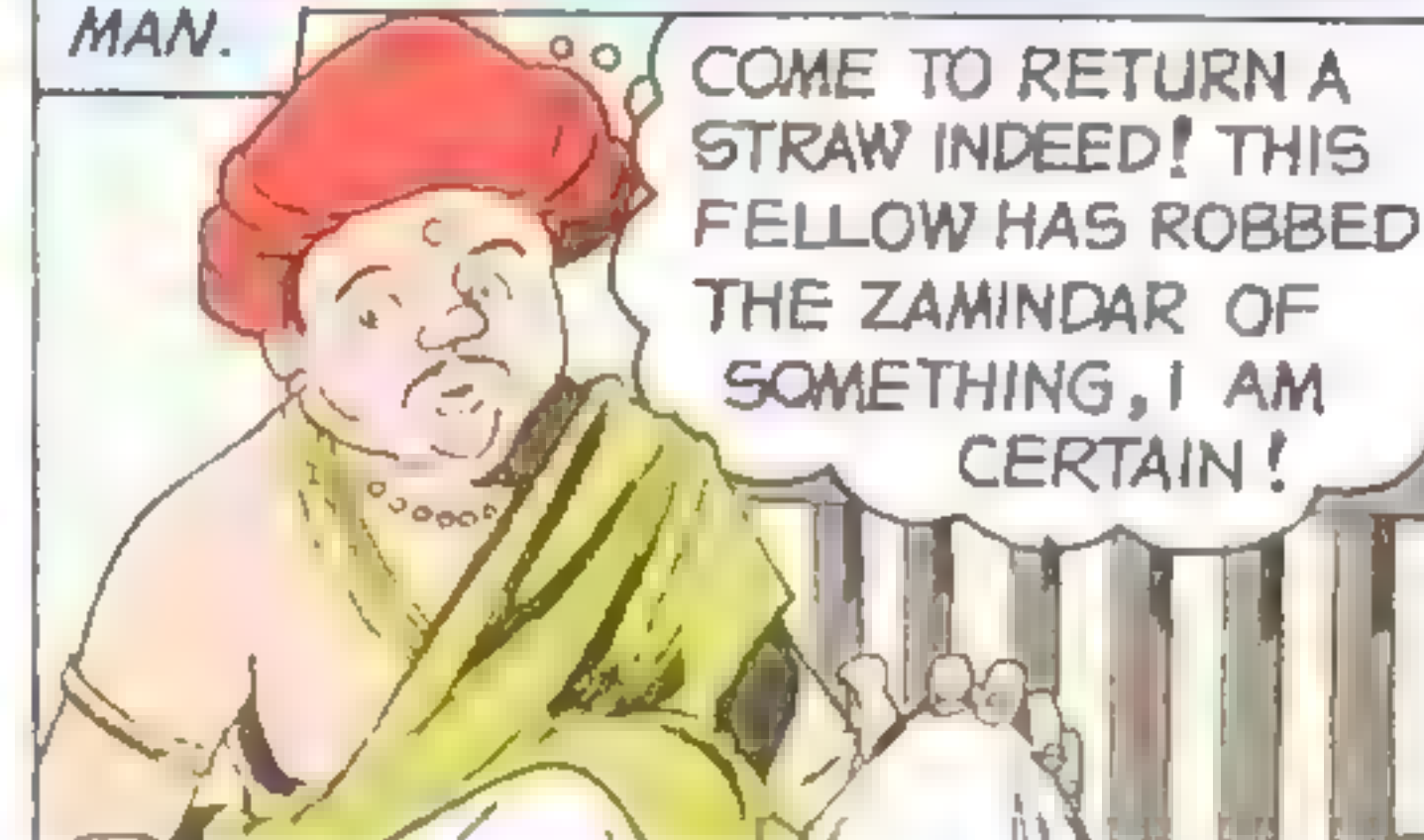
...HE RETRACED HIS STEPS.



A LITTLE LATER, AS THE ZAMINDAR SAT TALKING WITH A MERCHANT WHO HAD COME TO VISIT HIM, THE SADHU WALKED IN.



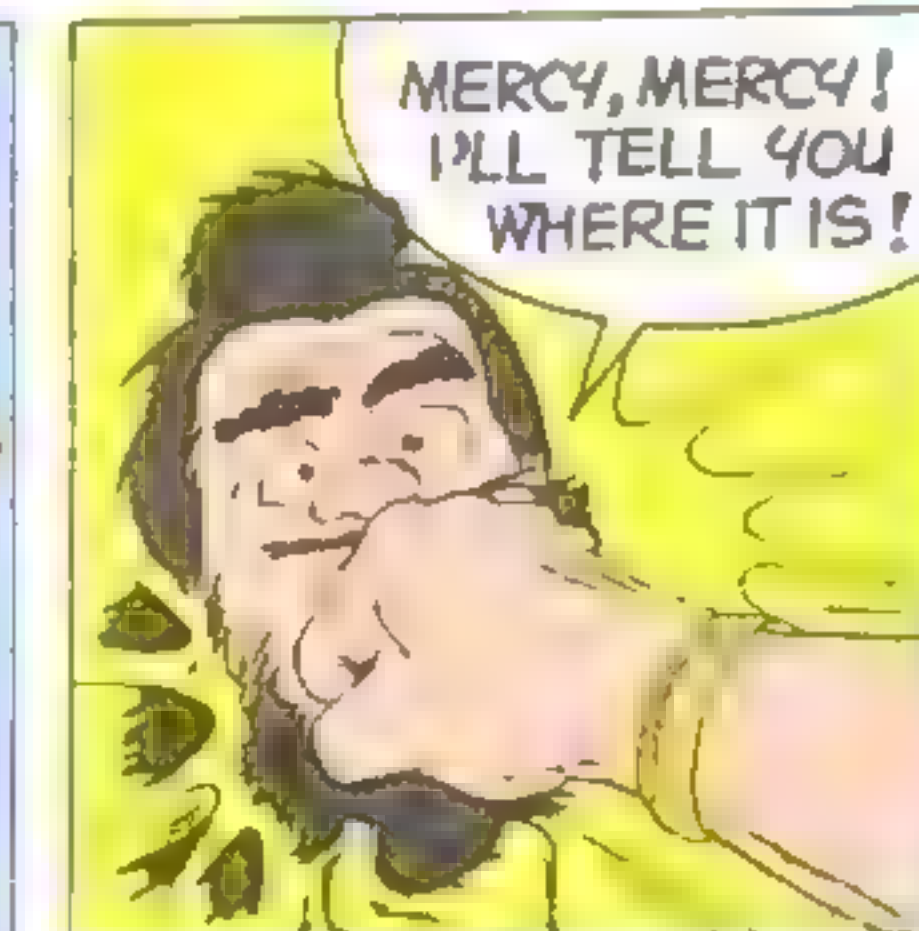
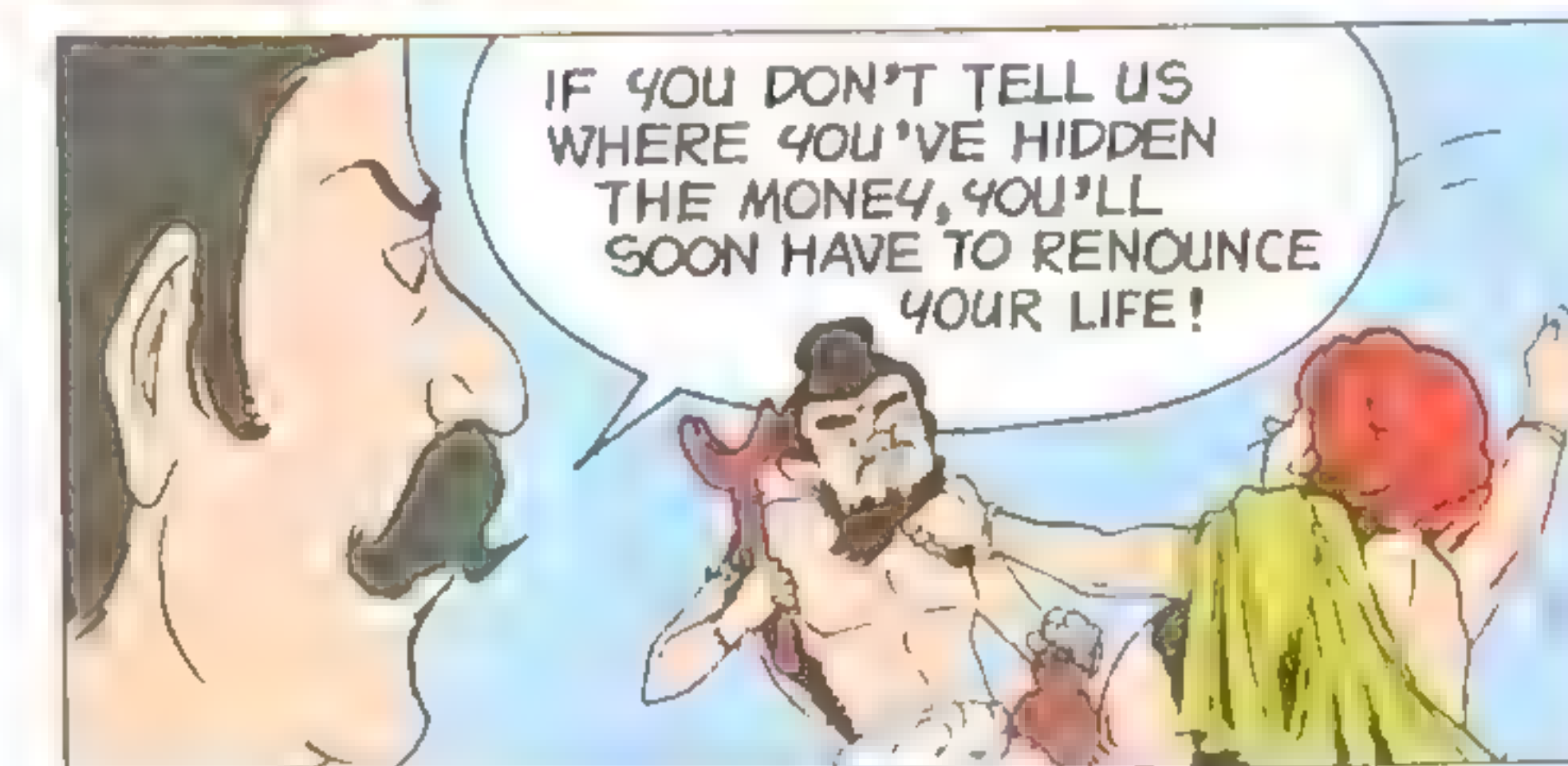
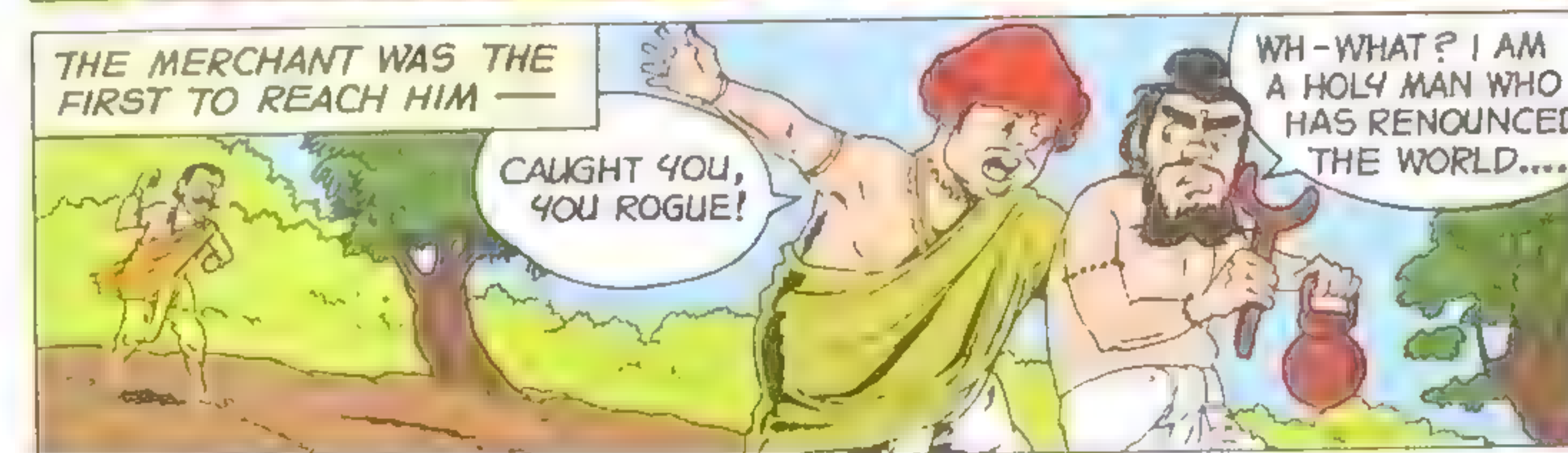
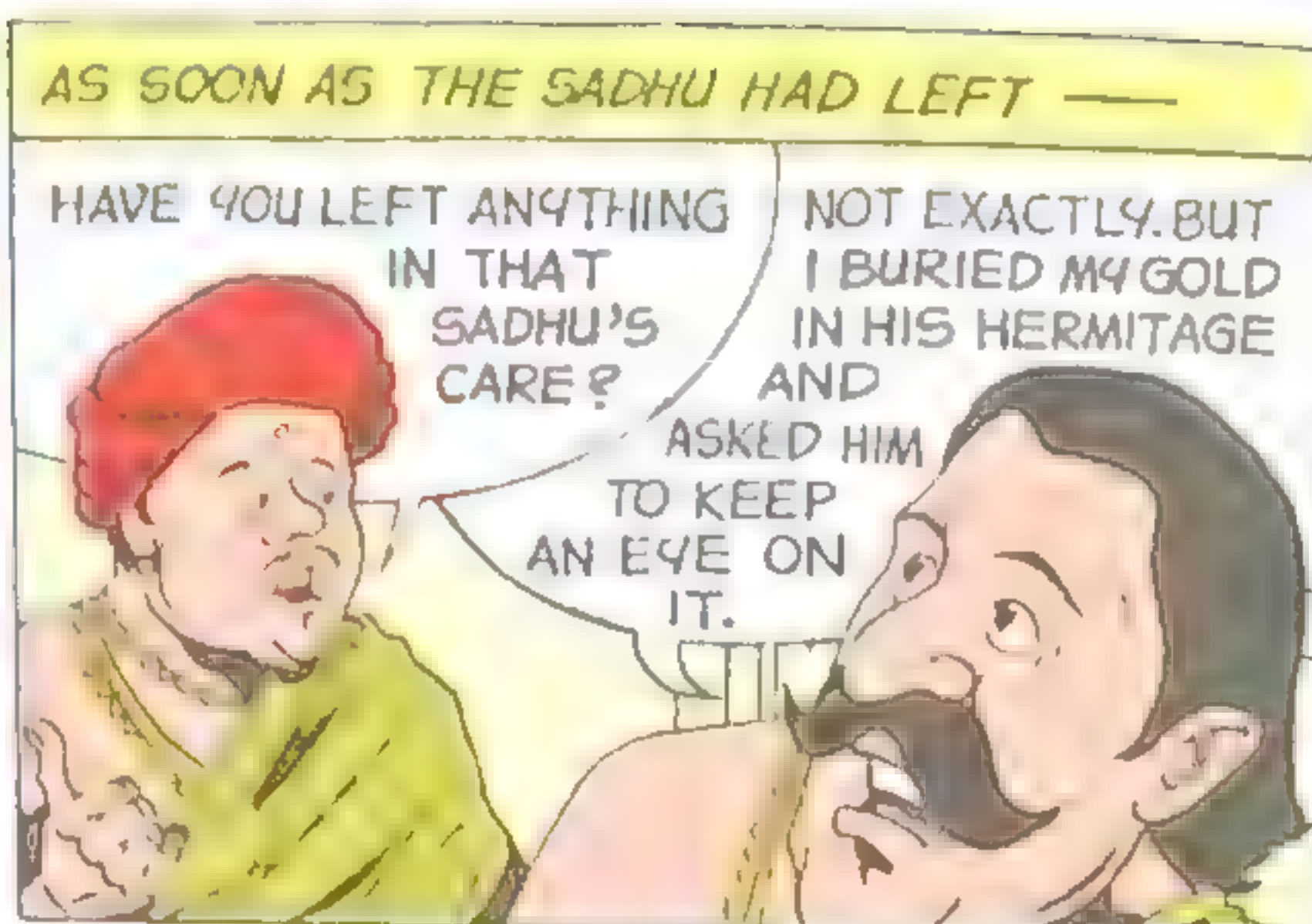
THE MERCHANT, HOWEVER, WAS A SHREWD MAN.



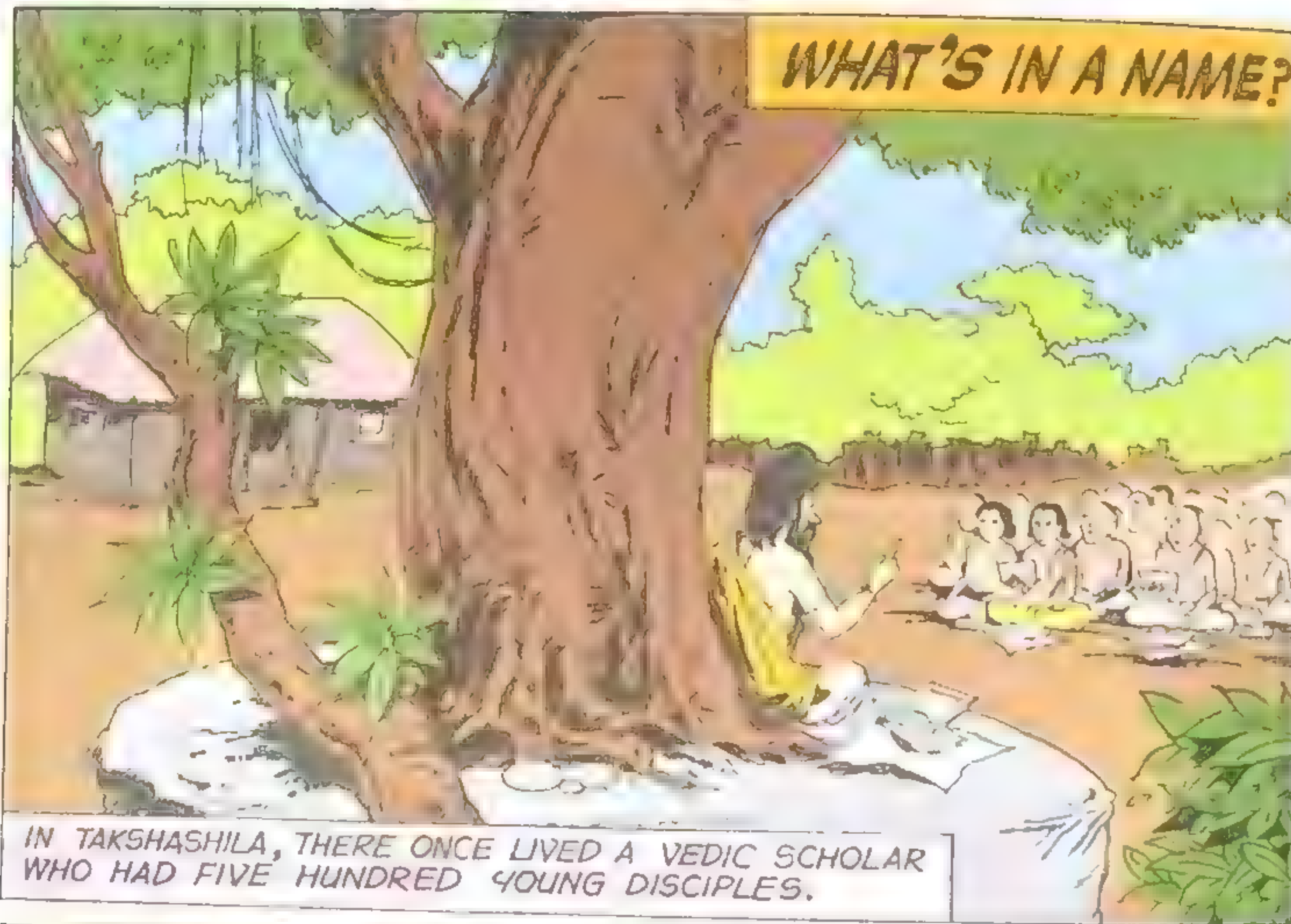
BUT THE ZAMINDAR WAS TAKEN IN.

WHAT A SENSITIVE MAN! WHY, HE WON'T TAKE SO MUCH AS A STRAW WHICH DOES NOT BELONG TO HIM!



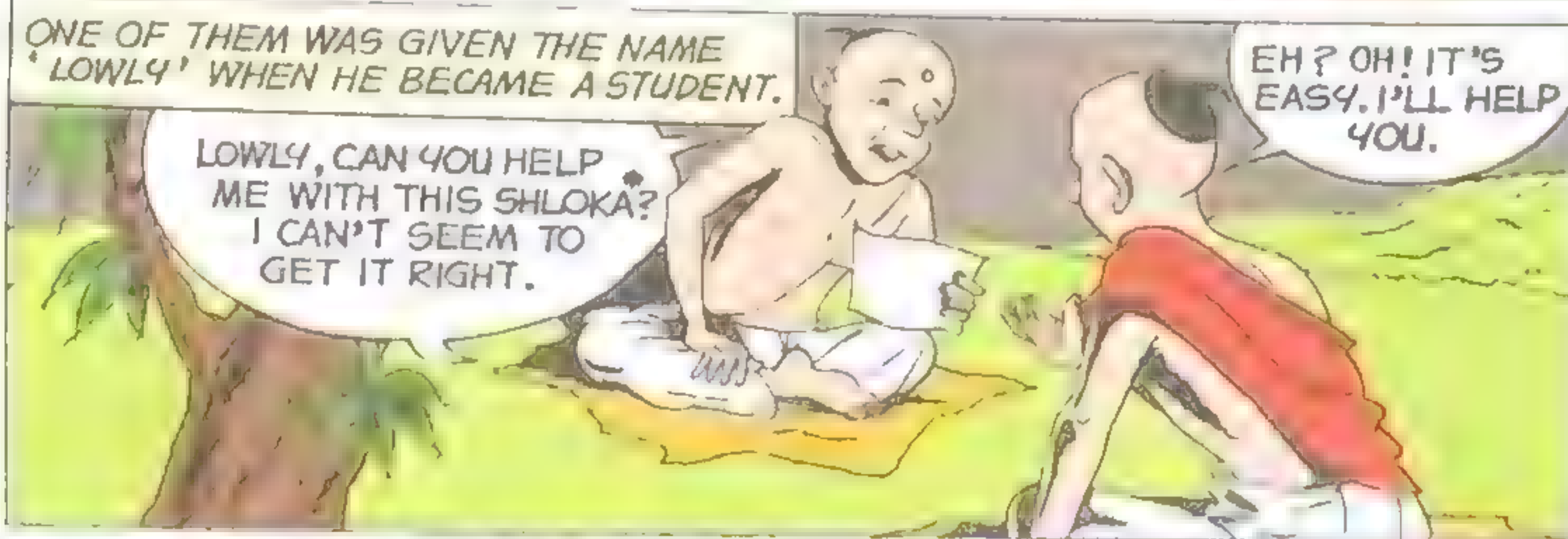


WHAT'S IN A NAME?



IN TAKSHASHILA, THERE ONCE LIVED A VEDIC SCHOLAR WHO HAD FIVE HUNDRED YOUNG DISCIPLES.

ONE OF THEM WAS GIVEN THE NAME 'LOWLY' WHEN HE BECAME A STUDENT.



LOWLY, CAN YOU HELP ME WITH THIS SHLOKA? I CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT RIGHT.

EH? OH! IT'S EASY. I'LL HELP YOU.



LOWLY, WILL YOU HELP ME CARRY THIS?

EH! AH! TO BE SURE, I WILL.

SO HELPFUL AND KIND WAS LOWLY THAT ALL HIS FELLOW STUDENTS LIKED HIM.

* A SANSKRIT VERSE

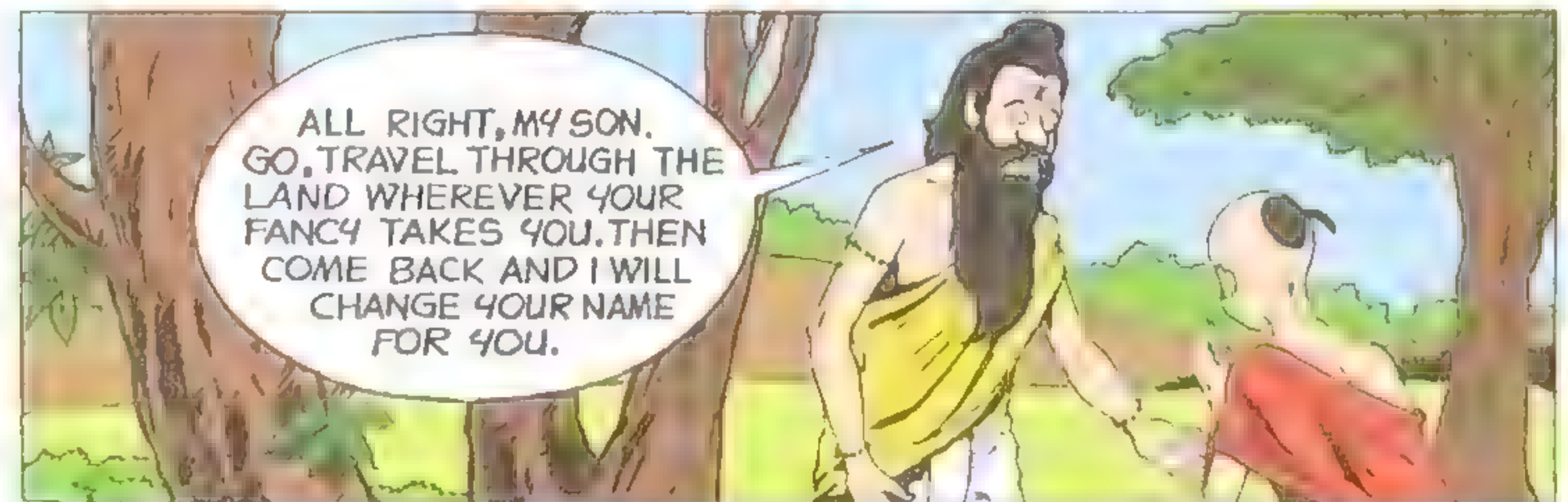
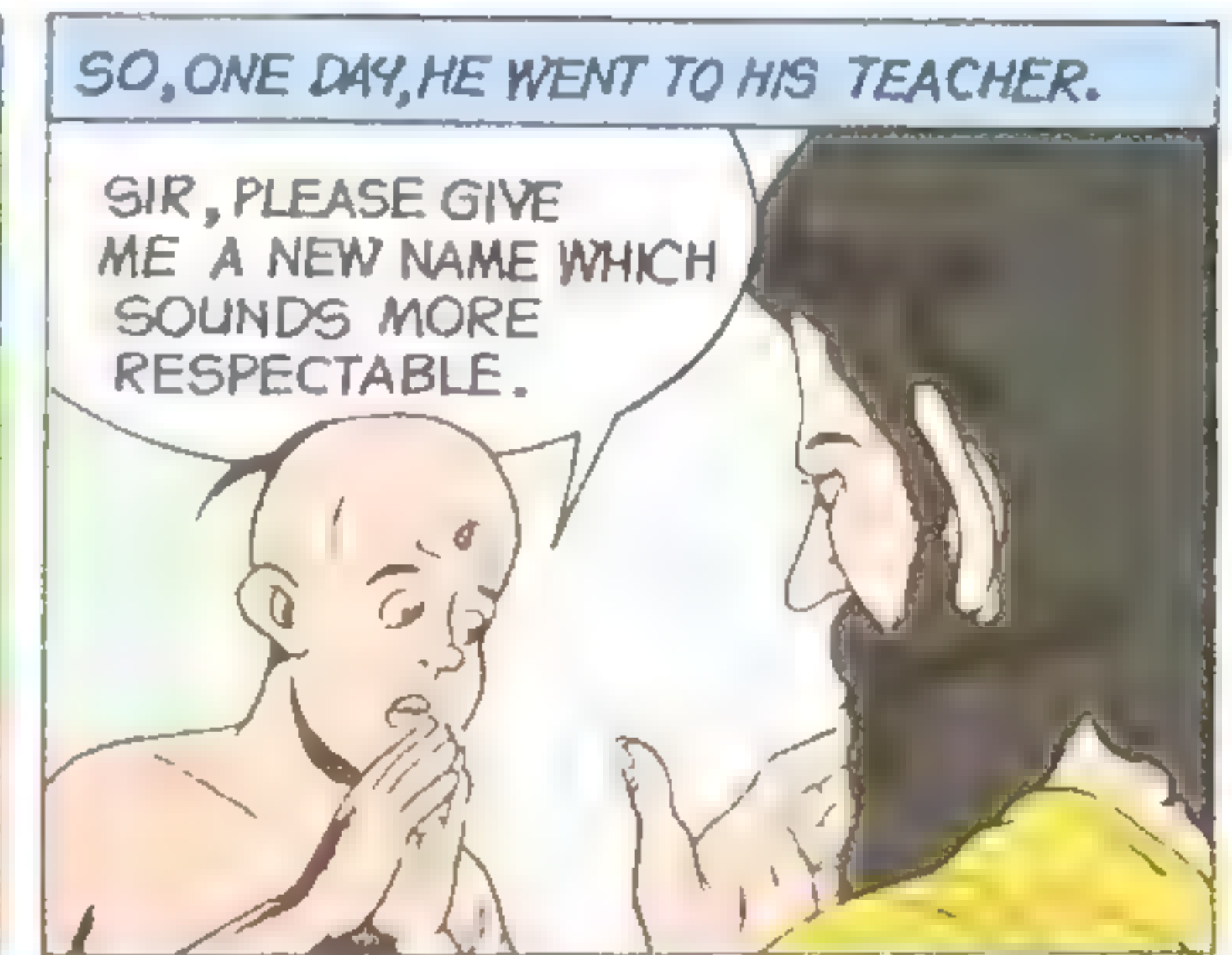
BUT HE WAS NOT HAPPY.

WHY HAVE I BEEN GIVEN SUCH A NAME? EVERY TIME I HEAR IT, I FEEL SAD.



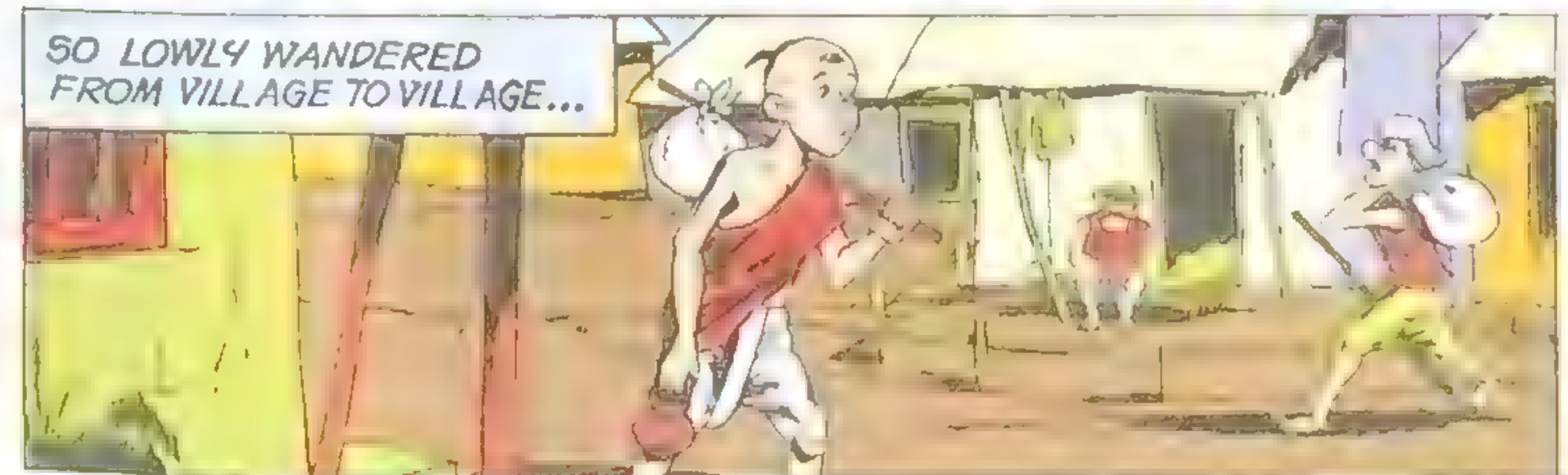
SO, ONE DAY, HE WENT TO HIS TEACHER.

SIR, PLEASE GIVE ME A NEW NAME WHICH SOUNDS MORE RESPECTABLE.



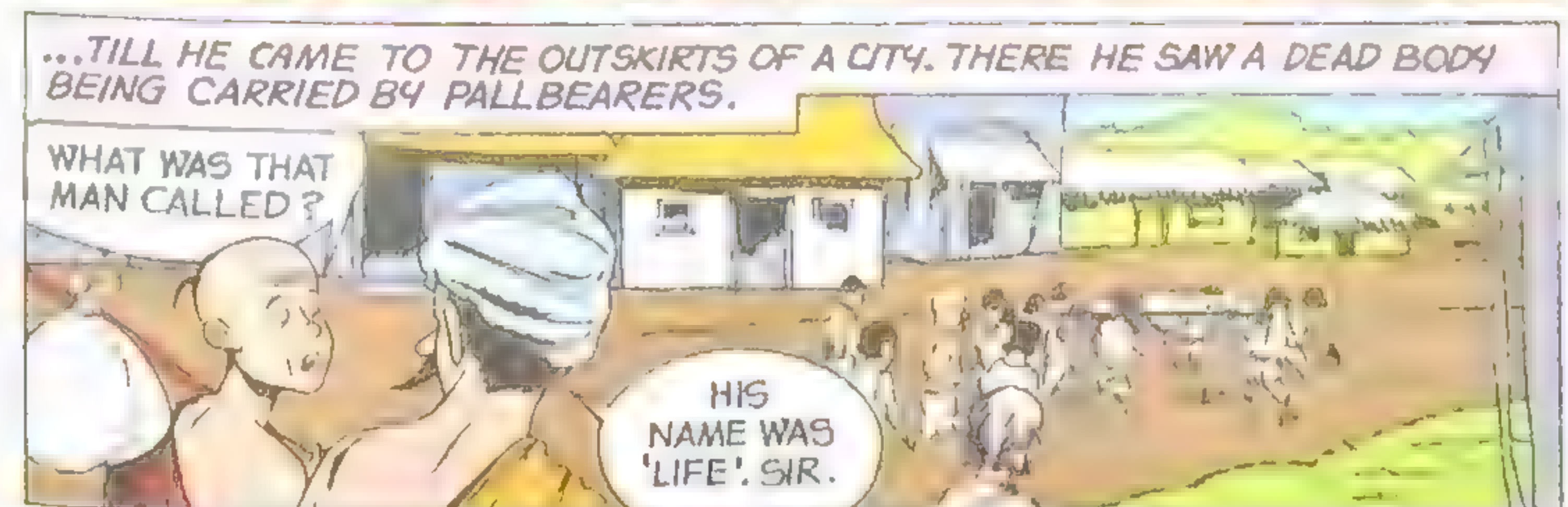
ALL RIGHT, MY SON. GO, TRAVEL THROUGH THE LAND WHEREVER YOUR FANCY TAKES YOU. THEN COME BACK AND I WILL CHANGE YOUR NAME FOR YOU.

SO LOWLY WANDERED FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE...

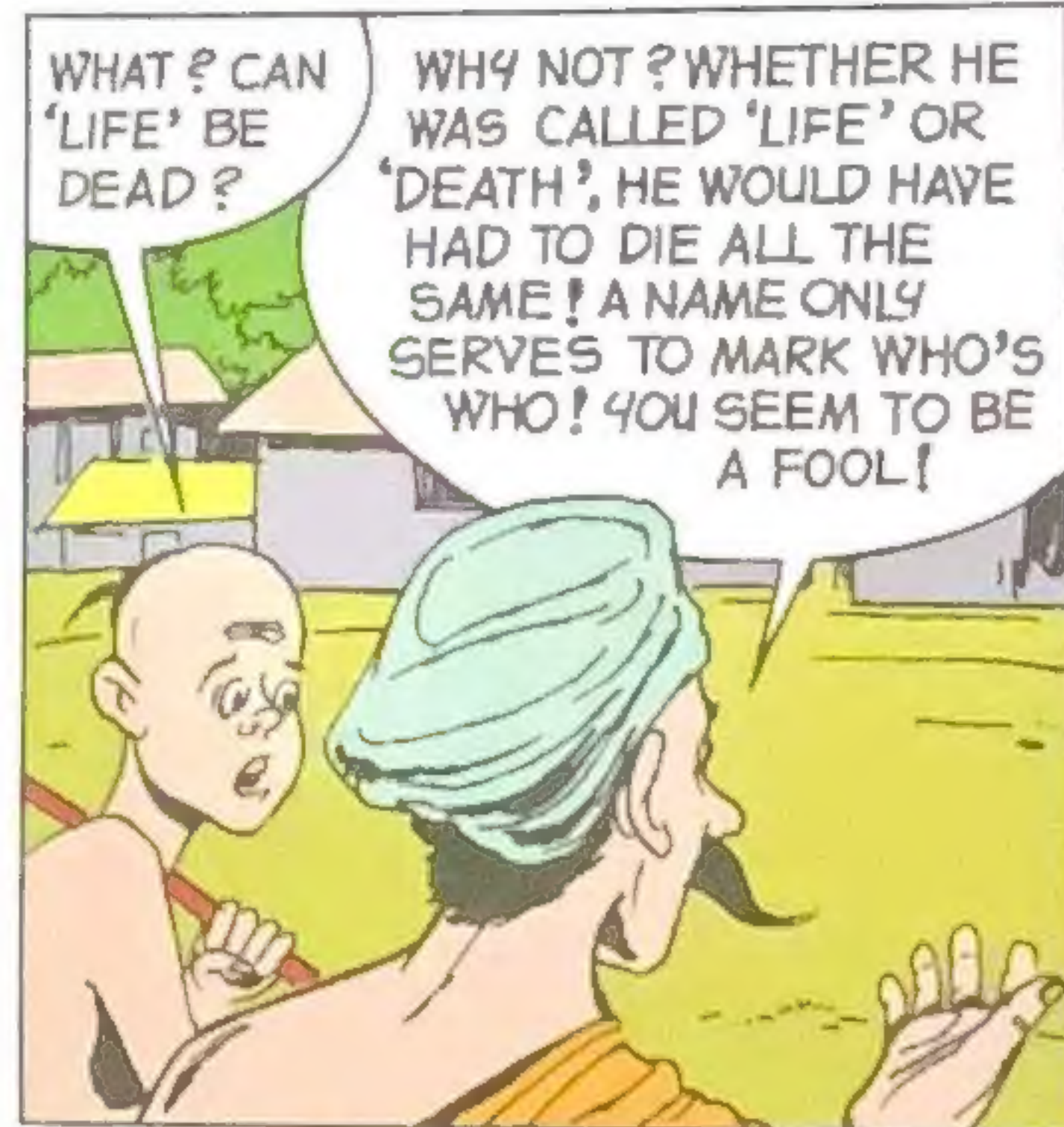


...TILL HE CAME TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF A CITY. THERE HE SAW A DEAD BODY BEING CARRIED BY PALLBEARERS.

WHAT WAS THAT MAN CALLED?



HIS NAME WAS 'LIFE'. SIR.



WHAT? CAN 'LIFE' BE DEAD?

WHY NOT? WHETHER HE WAS CALLED 'LIFE' OR 'DEATH', HE WOULD HAVE HAD TO DIE ALL THE SAME! A NAME ONLY SERVES TO MARK WHO'S WHO! YOU SEEM TO BE A FOOL!



PONDERING OVER THE MATTER, LOWLY ENTERED THE CITY.



SUDDENLY —

MERCY! MERCY, MY MISTRESS! I'LL TRY AND DO BETTER TOMORROW.



MOVED BY THE SIGHT, KIND LOWLY INTERVENED.

WAIT, MY GOOD WOMAN! WHY DO YOU WHIP THE POOR GIRL?

SHE IS MY SLAVE. I SENT HER OUT TO EARN MONEY AND SHE HAS COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED!

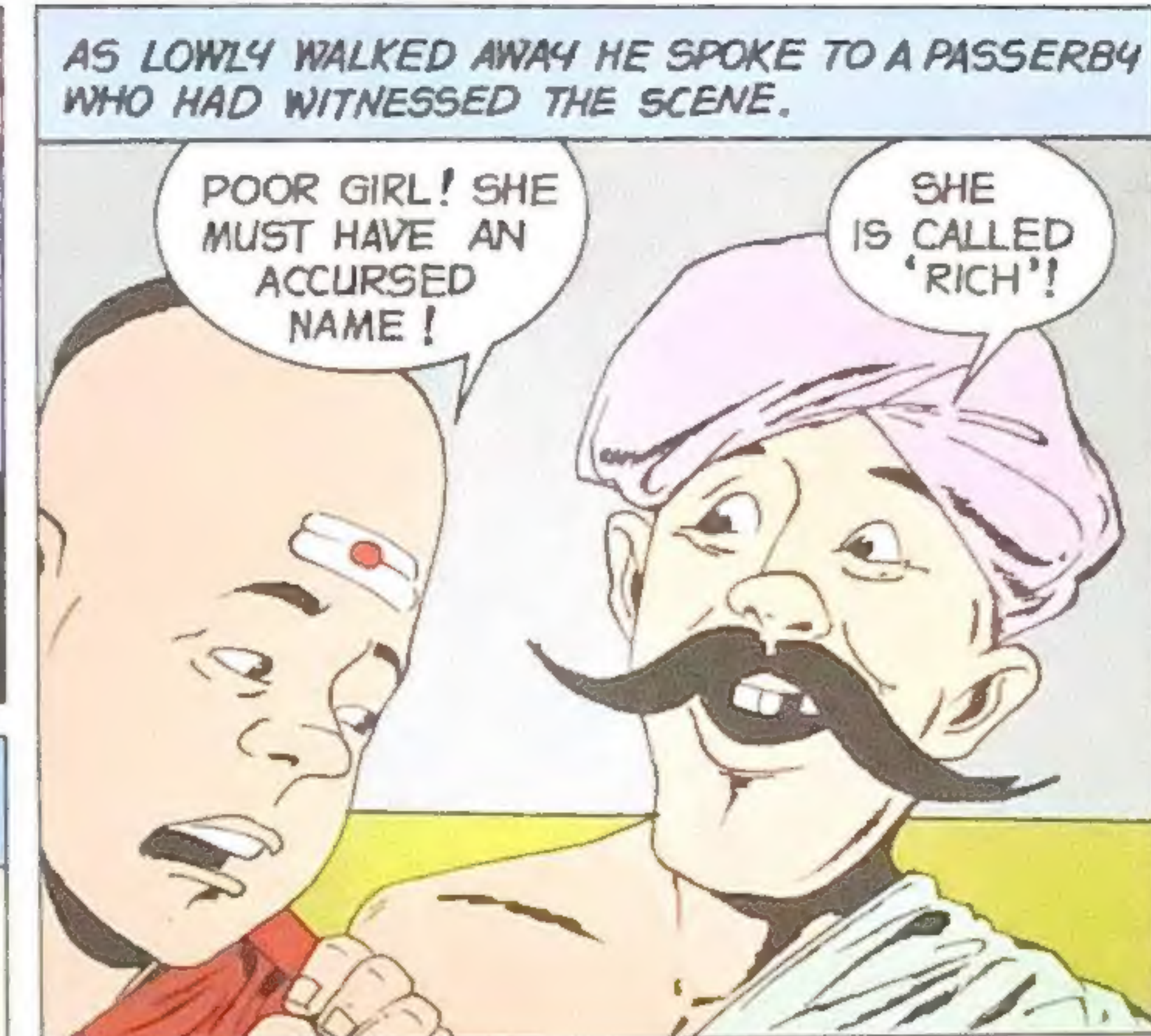


LOWLY TOOK OUT A COIN AND GAVE IT TO THE WOMAN.

HERE. KEEP THIS AND SPARE THE GIRL. SHE'LL DO BETTER TOMORROW.



WHAT! AND WITH A NAME LIKE THAT SHE COULD NOT EVEN EARN A DAY'S PALTRY WAGES!



AS LOWLY WALKED AWAY HE SPOKE TO A PASSERBY WHO HAD WITNESSED THE SCENE.

POOR GIRL! SHE MUST HAVE AN ACCURSED NAME!

SHE IS CALLED 'RICH'!



YOU SEEM TO BE A FOOL! A NAME ONLY SERVES TO MARK WHO'S WHO AND NOT WHAT THEY ARE.

PERHAPS HE'S RIGHT. YET....

MORE RECONCILED TO HIS NAME, LOWLY NOW LEFT THE CITY AND TOOK THE ROAD BACK TOWARDS TAKSHASHILA.

ON THE WAY —



I AM GOING TO TAKSHASHILA BUT I HAVE LOST MY WAY. CAN YOU HELP ME?



I AM GOING THERE MYSELF. YOU CAN COME WITH ME.

AFTER THEY HAD GONE A LITTLE WAY —



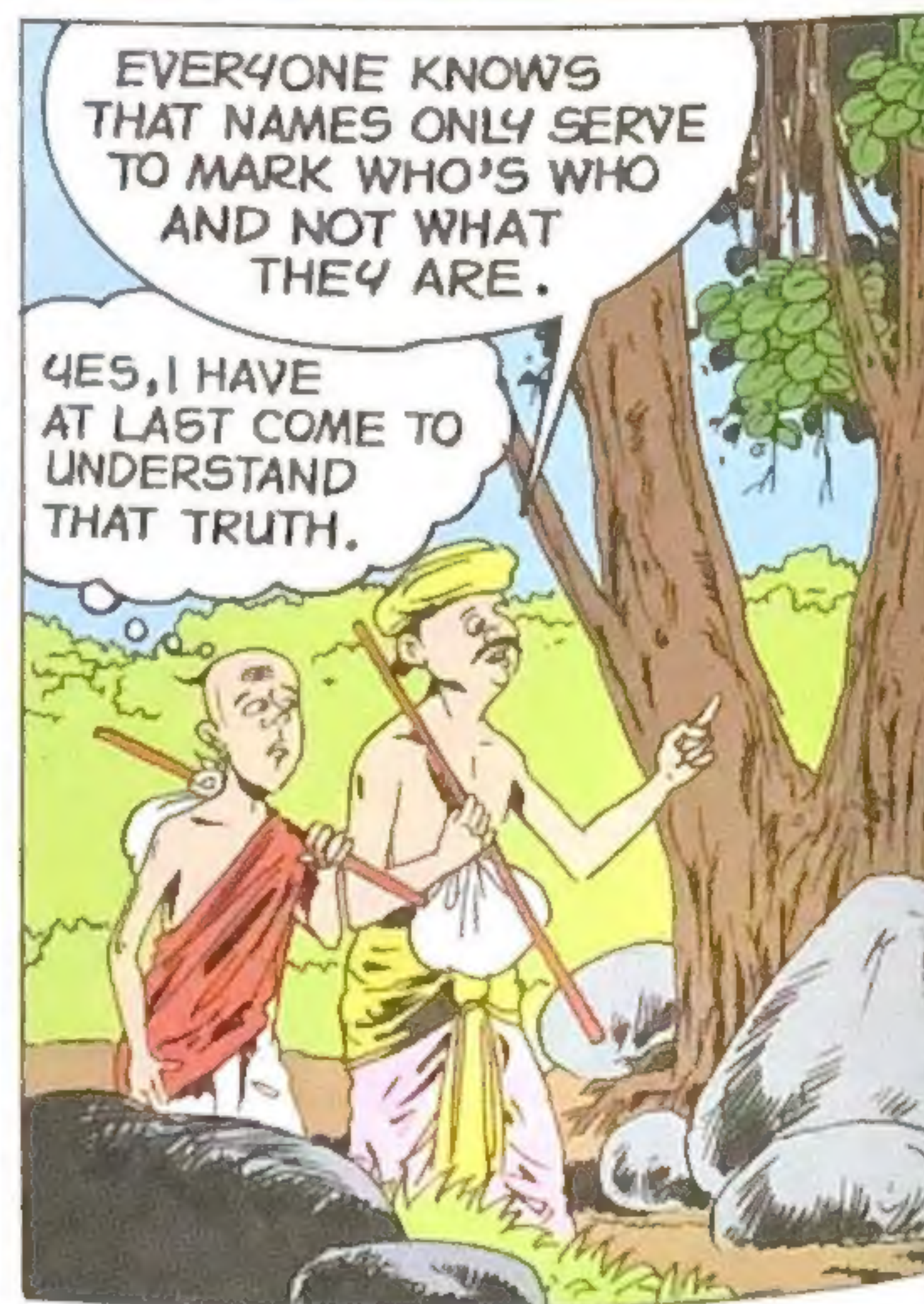
WHAT IS YOUR NAME, FRIEND?

I AM CALLED 'GUIDE'.



'GUIDE'? AND YOU'VE LOST YOUR WAY?

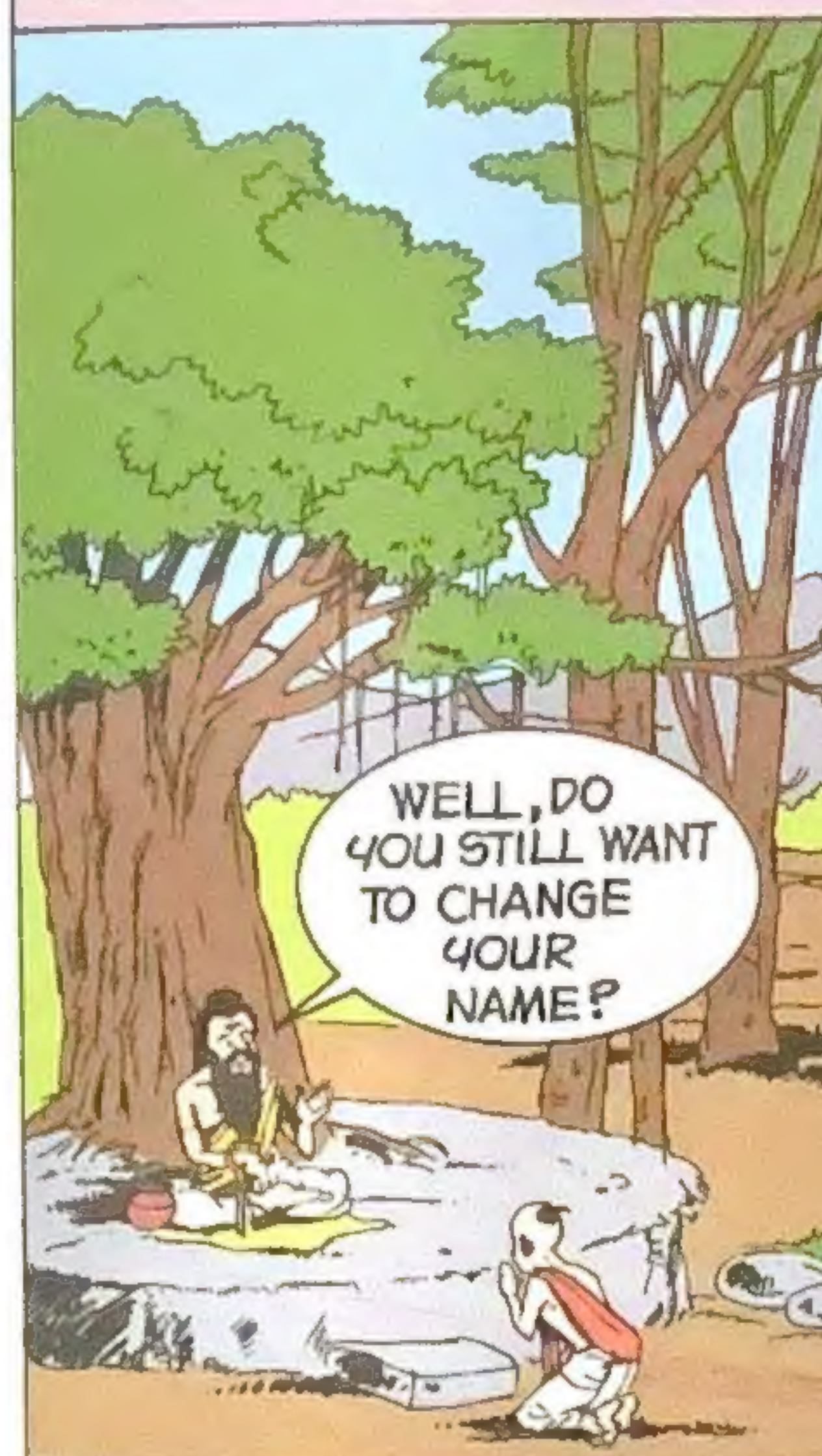
ARE YOU MAKING FUN OF ME? WHETHER ONE'S NAME IS 'GUIDE' OR 'MISGUIDE', ONE CAN LOSE ONE'S WAY ALL THE SAME!



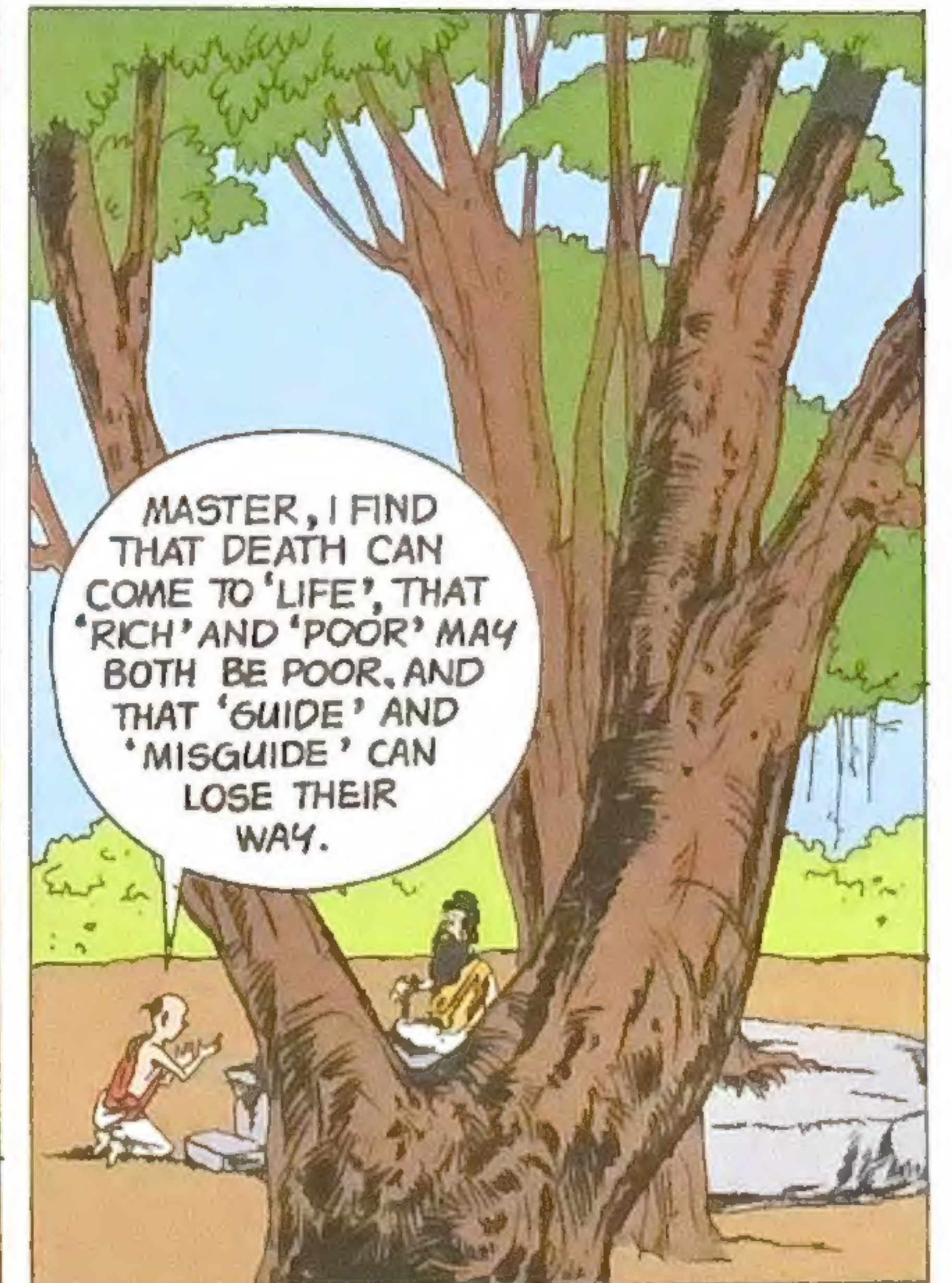
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT NAMES ONLY SERVE TO MARK WHO'S WHO AND NOT WHAT THEY ARE.

YES, I HAVE AT LAST COME TO UNDERSTAND THAT TRUTH.

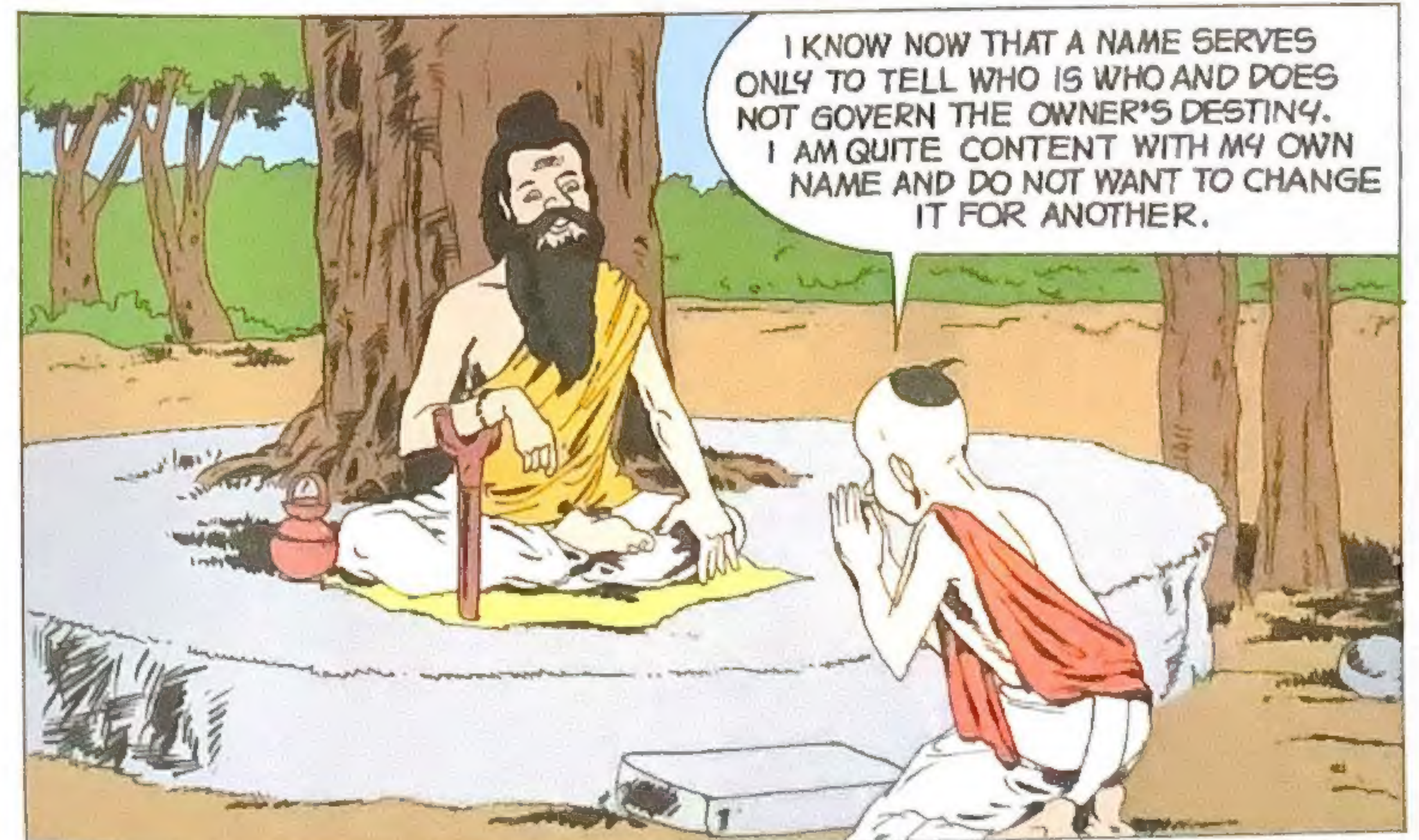
AT TAKSHASHILA, LOWLY WENT DIRECTLY TO HIS TEACHER.



WELL, DO YOU STILL WANT TO CHANGE YOUR NAME?

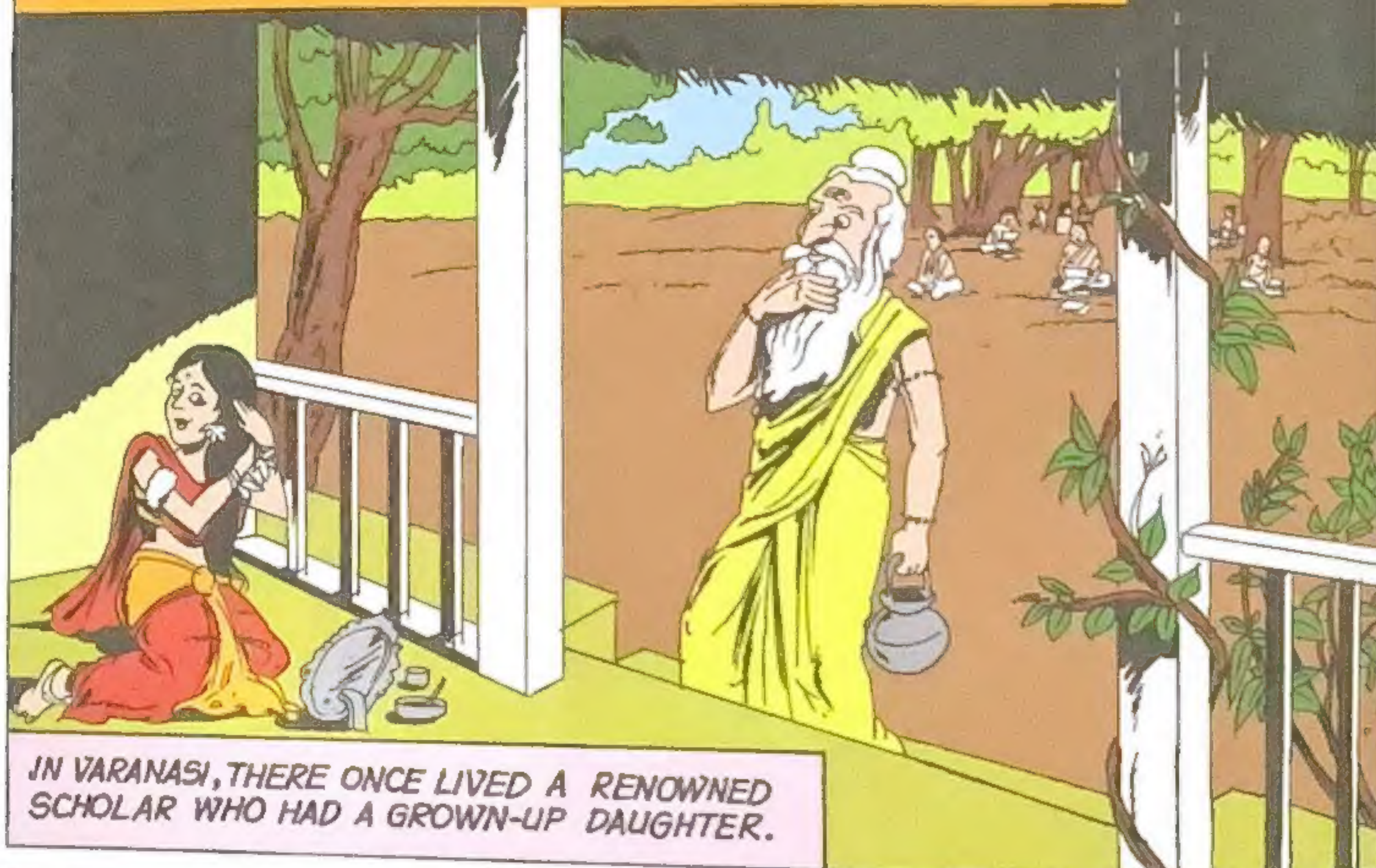


MASTER, I FIND THAT DEATH CAN COME TO 'LIFE', THAT 'RICH' AND 'POOR' MAY BOTH BE POOR, AND THAT 'GUIDE' AND 'MISGUIDE' CAN LOSE THEIR WAY.



I KNOW NOW THAT A NAME SERVES ONLY TO TELL WHO IS WHO AND DOES NOT GOVERN THE OWNER'S DESTINY. I AM QUITE CONTENT WITH MY OWN NAME AND DO NOT WANT TO CHANGE IT FOR ANOTHER.

THE MOST VIRTUOUS STUDENT

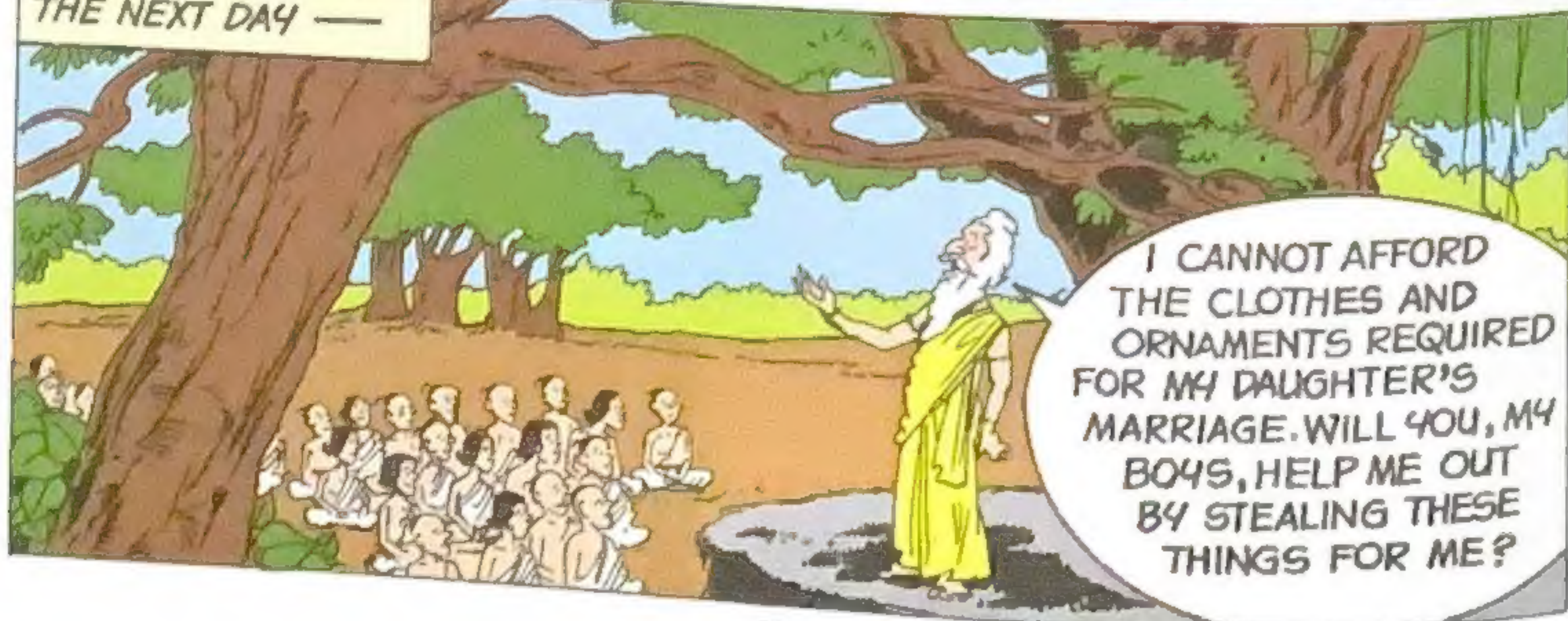


IN VARANASI, THERE ONCE LIVED A RENOWNED SCHOLAR WHO HAD A GROWN-UP DAUGHTER.

HE HAD A LARGE NUMBER OF YOUNG STUDENTS IN HIS CARE. ONE DAY, AN IDEA STRUCK HIM —

I WILL PUT MY STUDENTS THROUGH A TEST TO FIND OUT WHICH IS THE MOST VIRTUOUS OF THEM.

THE NEXT DAY —

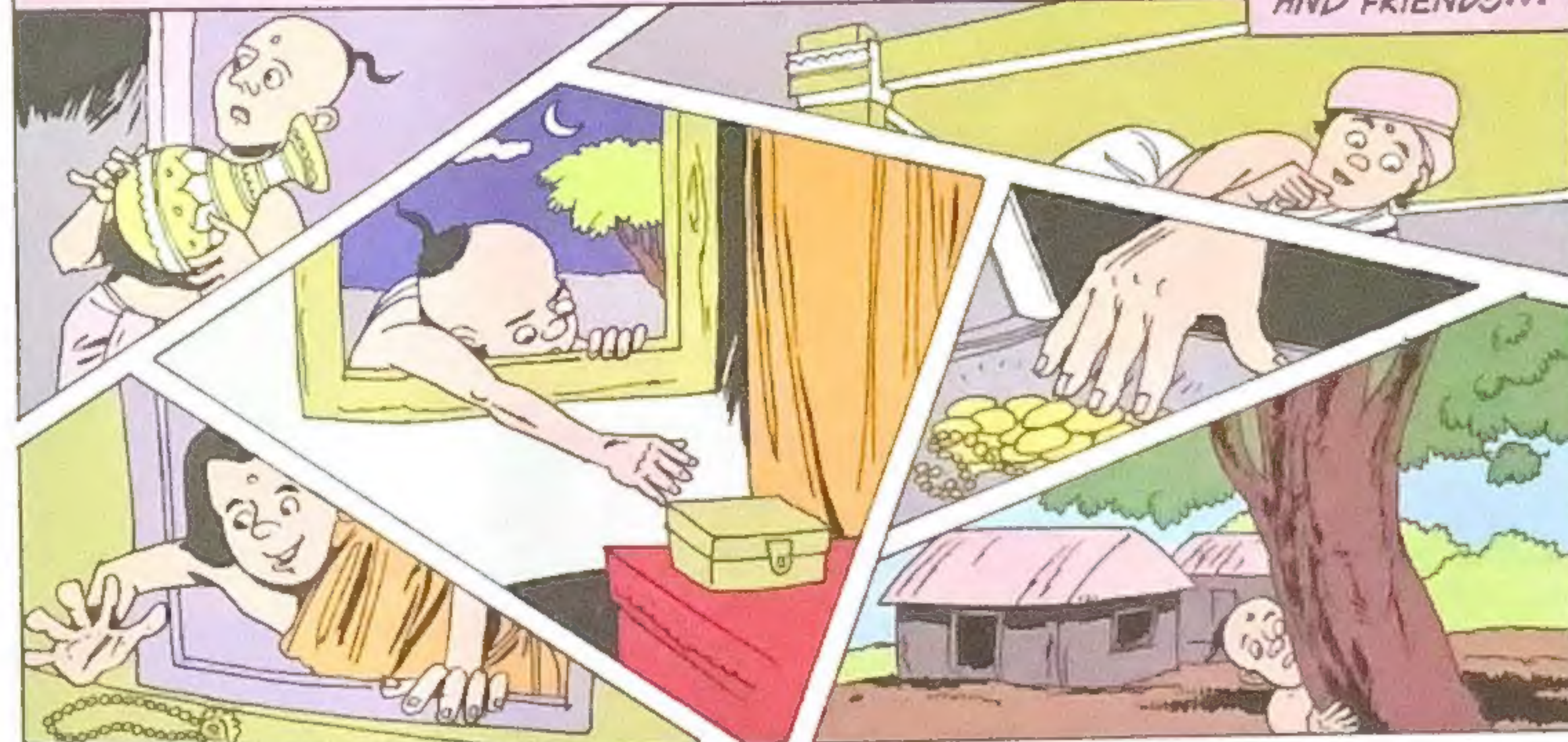


I CANNOT AFFORD THE CLOTHES AND ORNAMENTS REQUIRED FOR MY DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE. WILL YOU, MY BOYS, HELP ME OUT BY STEALING THESE THINGS FOR ME?



BUT NO ONE SHOULD SEE YOU STEALING. IT SHOULD BE DONE IN THE STRICTEST SECRECY. ONLY THEN WILL I ACCEPT WHAT YOU BRING.

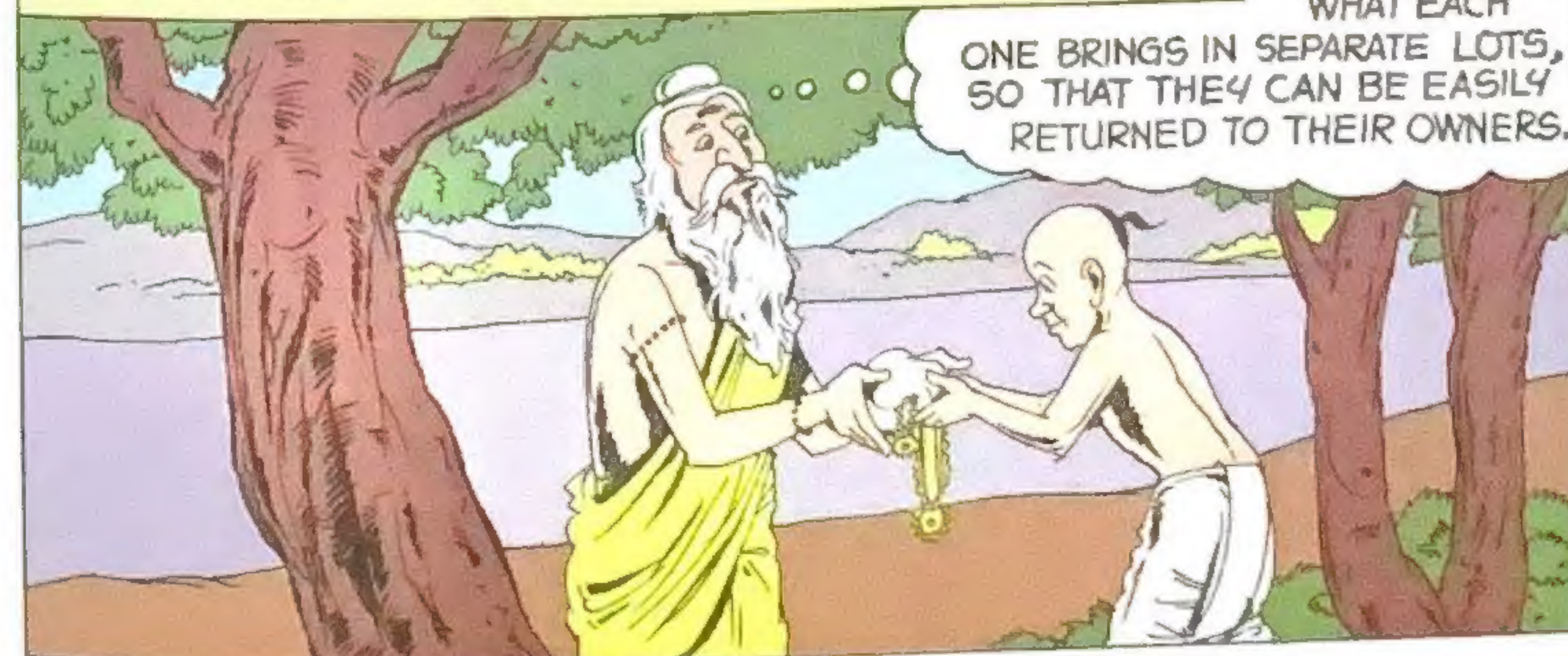
FROM THAT DAY ONWARDS, THE STUDENTS STOLE VALUABLES FROM THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS...



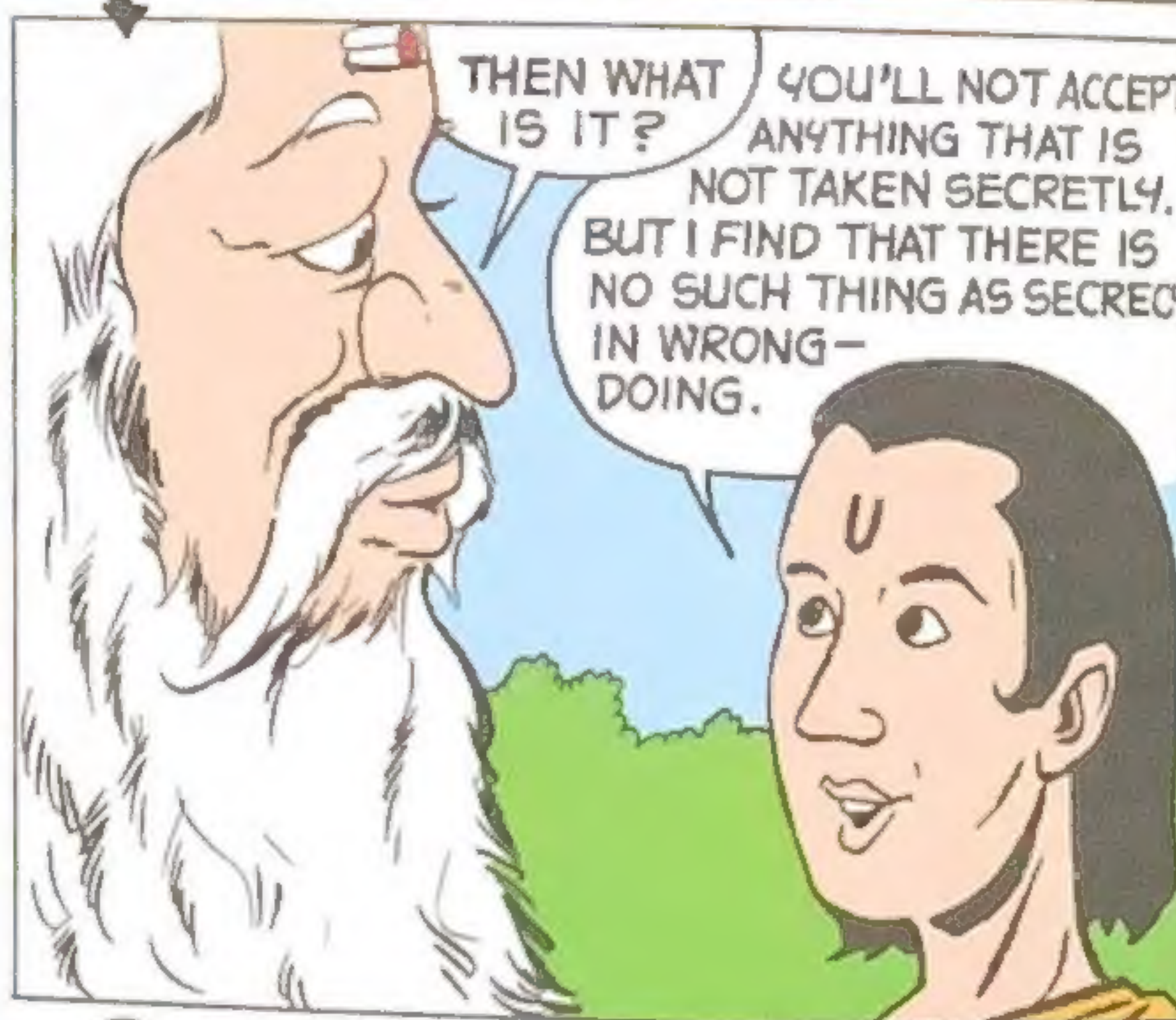
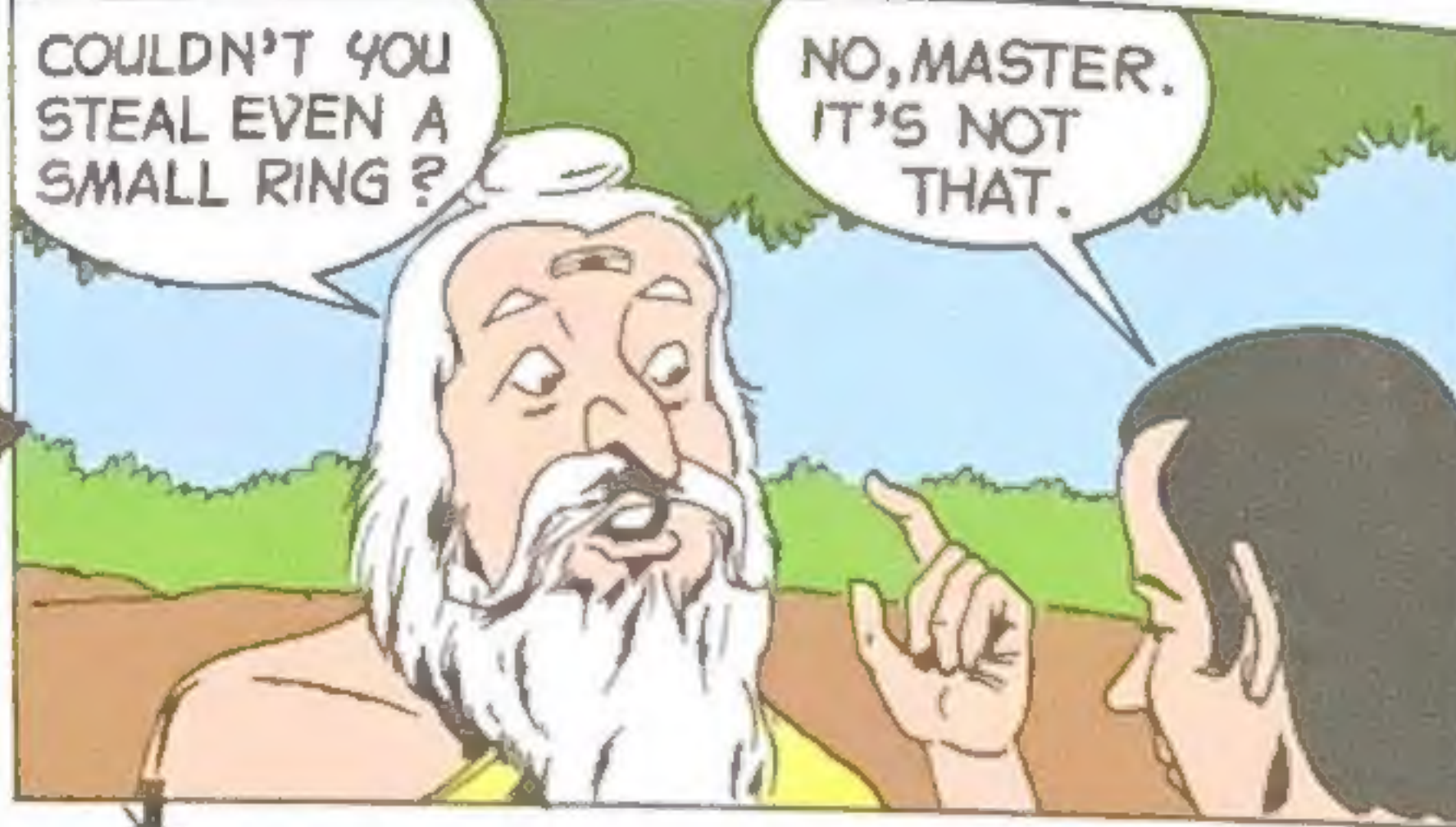
... AND BROUGHT THEM SECRETLY TO THEIR TEACHER.

I MUST KEEP WHAT EACH

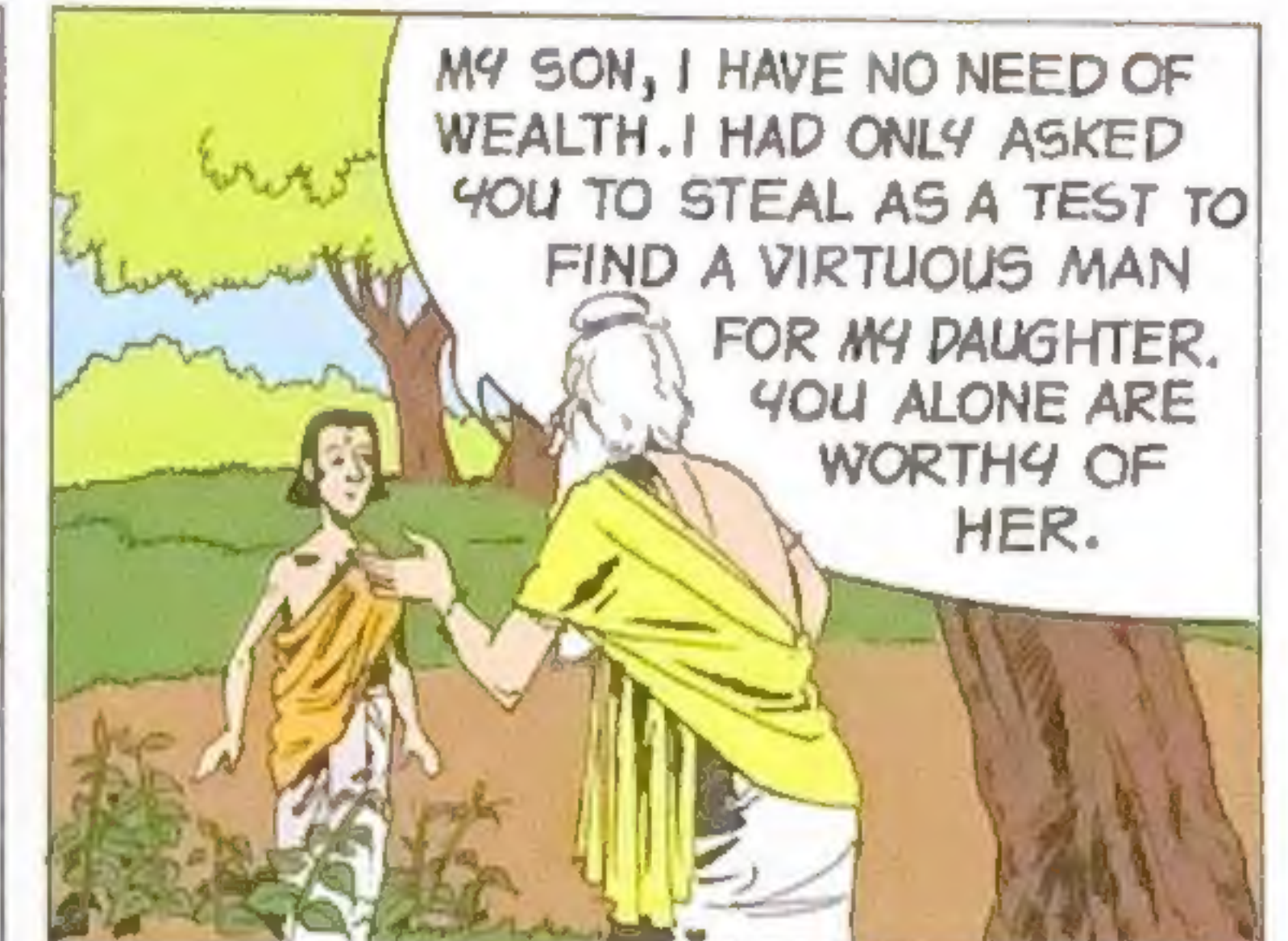
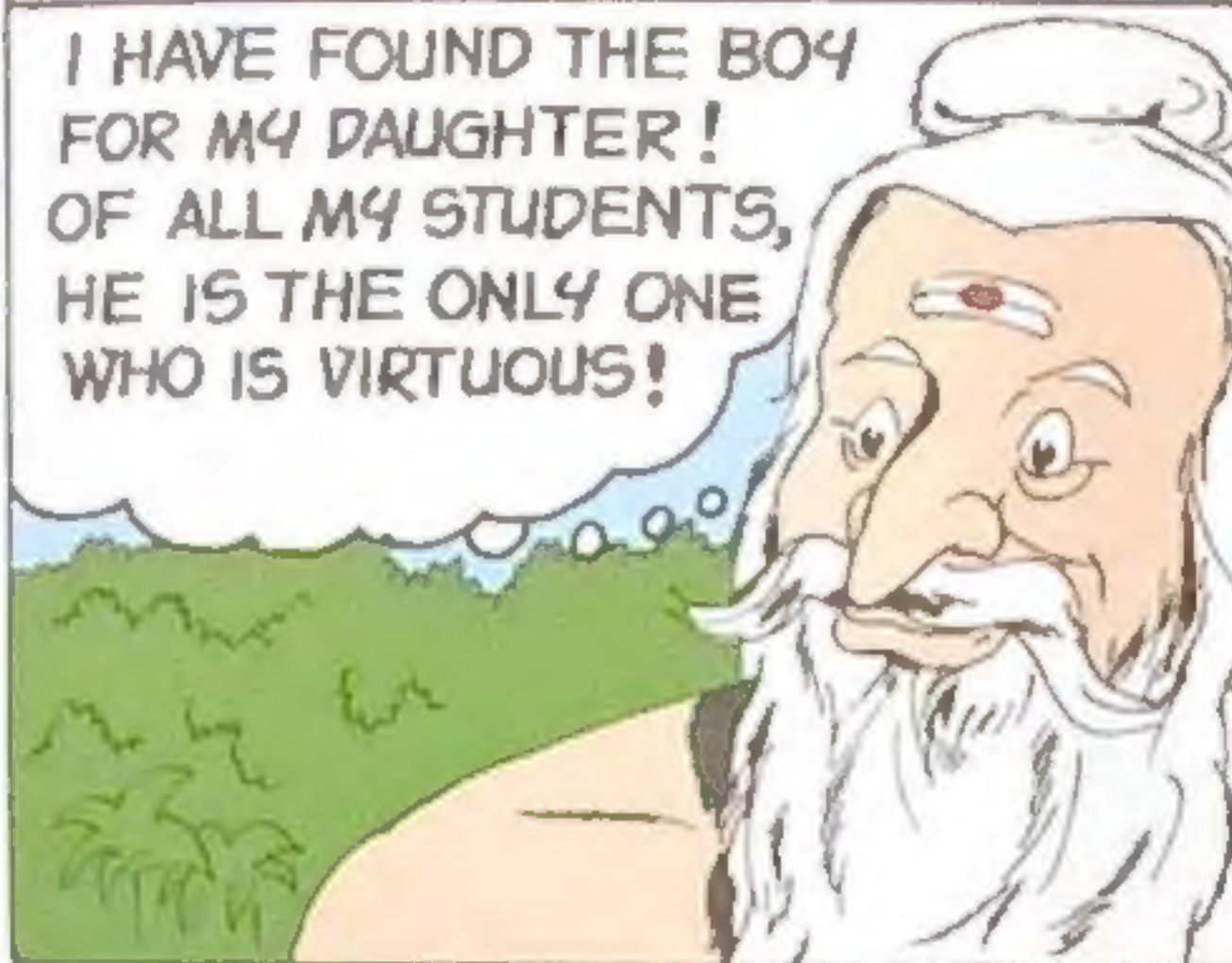
ONE BRINGS IN SEPARATE LOTS, SO THAT THEY CAN BE EASILY RETURNED TO THEIR OWNERS.



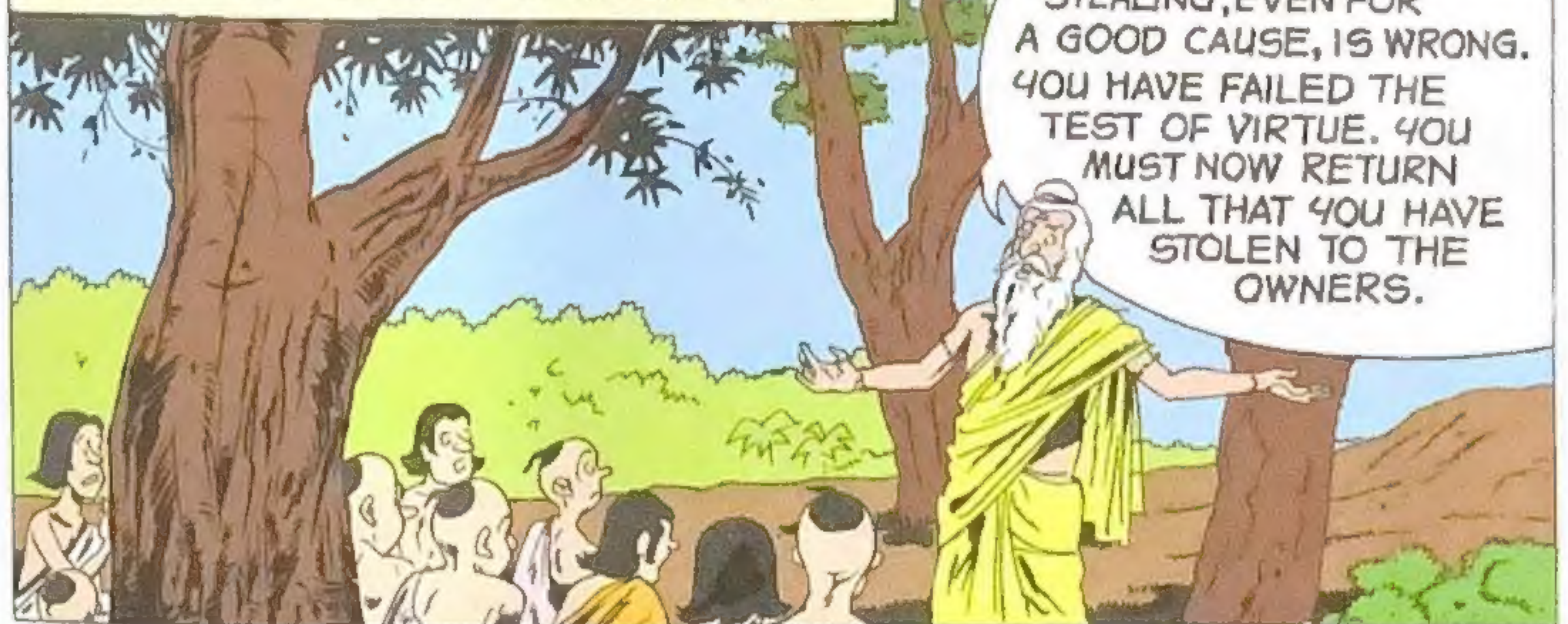
A FEW DAYS LATER, THE TEACHER SAW ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE STUDENTS LOOKING RATHER DEJECTED.



THE TEACHER WAS OVERJOYED.



THEN HE SENT FOR ALL THE OTHER BOYS.



THEN, ADORNING HIS DAUGHTER WITH JEWELS, HE GAVE HER IN MARRIAGE TO THE VIRTUOUS STUDENT.

